

THE WAR IN PICTURES

DEC 29th 1917

Leslie's

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Notice to Reader

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An Eternal Legacy of Mirth

of the world was there seen such a comic character as Sir John Falstaff, the fat, roistering friend of Prince Hal. The occasion was Shakespeare's presentation of *Henry IV* before the English Court. To Elizabeth the freshness and unconventionality of it all were delightful. The corpulent Knight swaggering among tapsters, and carriers, and merchants, and loud robustious women like Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, in the tavern where he is monarch, is the personification of unrestrained freedom and frolic. He violates all social rules in speech and conduct with such inimitable wit and good-natured, inventive effrontery that we see only the comical features of his vices and frailties. The Queen—no prude—was enchanted. She demanded that Shakespeare show Sir John in love, in order that she might hear more of him. By royal command was written that great comedy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which, word for word as Shakespeare wrote it, together with everything else that he wrote, exactly as it came from his pen, is found in this edition of

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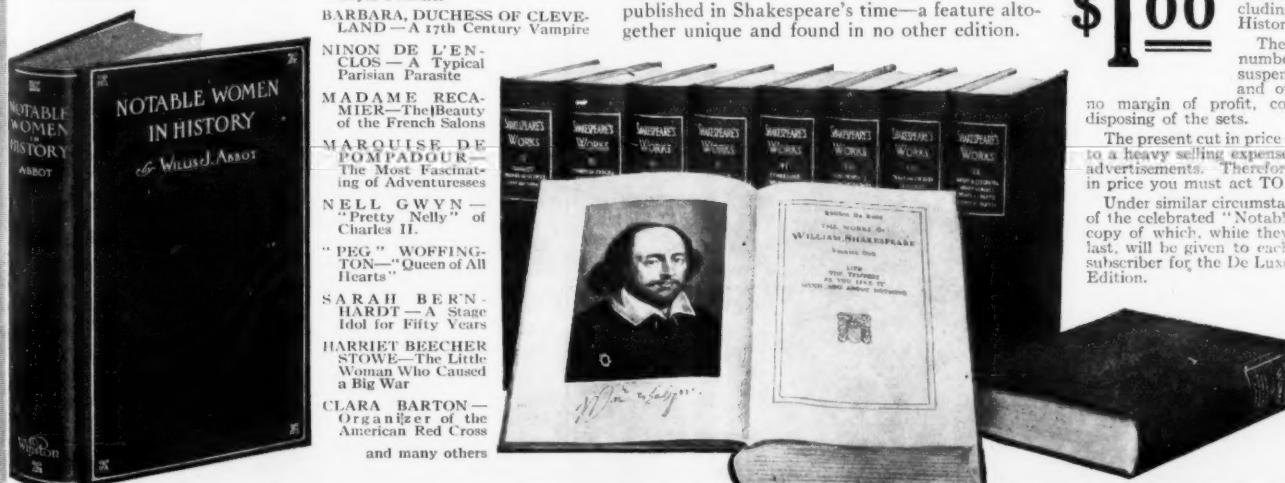
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Where Our Fathers Battled

The Apache Trail of Arizona Has Seen Stern Warfare

By LEON SMITH



This warrior now practices peace

DOWN in Arizona there is a wide, modern automobile highway which they call the Apache Trail. In days gone by it served as the war path of the terrible Apaches, the most ferocious tribe of all the western country. Amid the rocks and crags of the Arizona mountains, they successfully defied white frontiersmen and soldiers for decade after decade, and wreaked sanguinary vengeance in raid after raid. Finally the harassed settlers petitioned the government so strenuously that General Crook, the famous Indian fighter, was sent to wipe out this scourge forever. Since the days of Cortez these wild Indians had raided and plundered over an area greater than that of all Europe, exclusive of Spain and Russia. War was the breath of their nostrils. They were snakes for strategy and cunning. Yet Crook went after them and got them. They were driven into the fastnesses of the Salt River Canyon and the Superstition Mountains, and, after one last desperate encounter, laid down their arms forever. It is a significant fact that peaceful descendants of these warlike raiders furnished much of the labor which recently built the great Roosevelt Dam, an engineering marvel created to store the water that is reclaiming much of the former arid land of Arizona.

The history of the Apache Trail goes back to a time long before the advent of the tribe after which it was named. It antedates the time of history itself and gropes hesitatingly among the ruins of ancient cliff dwellings, still to be seen high on rocky walls near the Roosevelt Dam. Pottery, mortars, and stone implements of war tell of the primitive civilization of these Shinumos and suggest that they were driven to these eyries by more powerful men of the valleys. They



There is a modern Apache village on the shores of the picturesque Roosevelt Lake



General view of the gigantic Roosevelt Dam



The "desert" is really a garden of strange growths



High on the mountain are the cliff dwellings



In the stupendous Fish Creek Canyon

(Leslie's Weekly Advertising)

disappeared entirely long before Coronado and his *conquistadores* rode down the same way in search of the fabled seven cities of Cibola.

All these memories crowd upon the imagination of the present-day tourist and convince him that a survey of this region is necessary for a vital understanding of his country's past. In the old days it would have meant hardship and privation, but now it is merely a matter of a single day's detour by Pullman and luxurious automobile.

The Apache Trail trip starts at Globe, a great copper smelting center, and begins to climb at once toward the crest of a great divide. You begin to notice the wonderful color scheme of the region. You have never seen anything like it off the stage before. Used to the drab outlook from city window or the uniform shades of the ordinary landscape, you are startled to see the rainbow effects Nature can give to rocks when she wants to. Everywhere are fascinating pastel tints of brown and red which become violet and purple in the distance. They blend beautifully with the turquoise sky.

You hover a few moments on the crest of the divide while all Apacheland swims in far-reaching prospects before you. Then you descend to explore its wonders close at hand, winding along precipitous cliffs and through deep-riven canyons, until the noonday stop is made at Roosevelt Lake. It was the creation of this project which brought the macadam surface of the modern Apache Trail into being. It is really the feature of the trip. The mighty dam, 280 feet tall and 1,125 feet across, inspires awe for man's power. In time of high water, mighty streams thunder down its spillways in cataracts 60 feet taller than Niagara. The lake which the dam holds in check is one of the largest artificial bodies of water in the world. It has been well stocked with bass and other game fish, offering real sport for disciples of Walton; it affords splendid boating as well. On its bank is a picturesque village of reformed and industrious red men.

The journey is continued after luncheon at Roosevelt Lodge and carries us at once into the narrow confines of Fish Creek Canyon, where are many rocky wonders. Before long we come out into the so-called desert, which we are surprised to find is in reality a wonderful garden. Instead of regulation shade trees are giant cacti of strange and fascinating form. Many of them bear beautiful and brilliantly colored flowers. The Spanish bayonet, cat's claw, gloriosa, and grama grass blend their greens, purples, reds and yellows with the weird colors of the sands. The general effect is suggestive of huge tapestries. One's attention is often diverted by strange animals and birds darting across the trail. Among them are the chameleon, the horned toad, the valley quail, an occasional coyote, and, soaring overhead, splendid specimens of the golden eagle, whose plumes have been the war emblem of the Apaches for ages. Our interesting motor trip ends at Phoenix, where a Pullman bound for Los Angeles awaits us.

Through tickets over the Southern Pacific Lines in either direction are honored for the motor ride between Globe and Phoenix upon the payment of \$15.00 additional. This expense includes all railroad transportation and the auto trip. Through Pullman sleeping-cars in connection with the Sunset Limited are operated on Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays between El Paso, Texas, and Globe, Arizona. So, Apache Trail passengers traveling on the Sunset Limited, which is operated over the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific Lines between New Orleans and San Francisco, have only to change from one car to another at El Paso without leaving the train. Through Pullman service is also maintained between Phoenix and Los Angeles in both directions.

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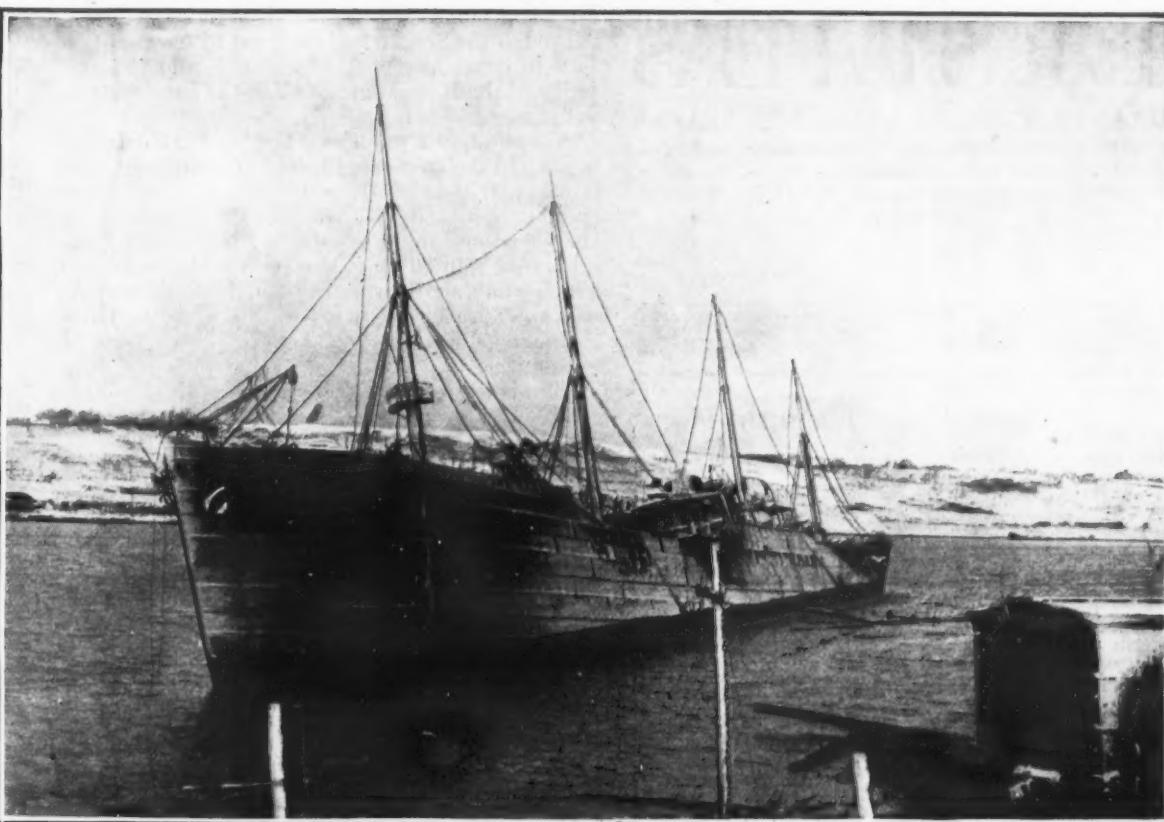


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In Stricken Halifax

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE
Staff War Photographer

As if fate had decreed that North America should suffer a peace-horror to rival the ravages of the Great War, Halifax was visited in quick succession by shock, fire, wind and deluge, leaving it more pitiable than a devastated Belgian town. Two and a half square miles of homes were torn apart and then touched into flames when the Belgian relief ship *Imo* crashed into the munition transport *Mont Blanc*. Following the terrific explosion that demolished houses, wrecked ships and killed men, women and children, the city was besieged for three days by terrible blizzards. At the right is the *Imo* which caused the trouble. In the background, the Richmond section of Halifax, once thickly covered by buildings, rises a barren waste.



At nine in the morning, on December 6, the munition ship loaded with a thousand tons of the deadliest explosives—benzol, picric acid and the vicious T.N.T.—exploded. The shock was so great that Richmond, the district nearest the docks, was virtually razed, while every pane of glass in the city was shattered. Houses collapsed and the flames sprang up. Hundreds were killed instantly and hundreds of others crushed in falling wreckage. The air was filled with particles of flying glass that blinded pedestrians far from the waterfront. At the left, relief workers are salvaging flour from a wrecked storehouse.



At the right is a view down the Richmond slope across the bay toward the Dartmouth shore. In the background is the *Imo*. Along the dock front, at the foot of the Richmond section, 1400 heavy freight cars along the dock were left smoking wrecks. In one orphan asylum every child was killed. In another the little ones were pitifully injured, their legs and arms being broken, and faces torn and disfigured.

LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Established December 15, 1855

Edited by JOHN A. SLEICHER

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Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter, Post Office, New York, N. Y.

10 cents a copy—\$5.00 a year.

CXXV SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1917. No. 3251

A Last Year Thought FROM THE SANSKRIT

YESTERDAY is already a dream and tomorrow is only a vision; but today, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this day. Such is the salutation of the dawn.

Failure of Price-Fixing

IT is strange that our Government does not profit by the experience of Great Britain and France in the matter of price-fixing. Both of these countries have found that it fails to meet the ends desired. The principal reason for this is that it seeks to set aside entirely the natural law of supply and demand, a law that has been operative ever since man began to trade. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States concluded, after study of the problem, that if price-fixing were adopted with a few commodities it should be adopted with all. President Wilson in his address to Congress does not go to this logical conclusion, but suggests a broader system of price-fixing to secure efficient production. Our disappointing experience with coal is that price-fixing has decreased, rather than increased, production.

Senator Smoot points out how price-fixing, without scientific appreciation of the interrelations of various industries, actually reduces production in some lines. The fixed minimum price of wheat, without the same provision for sugar, has turned farmers from beets to the more profitable crop of wheat. At the fixed market price of a fraction under 8 cents for sugar, he finds he can obtain only \$8.50 a ton for beets, and since two-dollar wheat is the equivalent of \$12 a ton for sugar, it is easily seen why he would prefer to raise wheat rather than beets.

A wiser policy would be to let the free operation of the law of supply and demand stimulate production. As Senator Smoot says, the need of the hour is the speeding up of production in essential supplies, while in the limitation or elimination of non-essentials the Government could go as far as it pleases. No governmental device can vie with high prices as a stimulant to production. With this stimulus and every industry running at top speed, paying big wages and reaping big profits, the Government would be in a position to exercise its taxing power to the limit and thus pay a large part of the war's cost.

Zone System Not Understood

IT is not surprising that the public has misunderstood the significance of the zone system of postal charges for second-class mail matter when some newspapers have failed to appreciate that it means the death sentence upon many publications. President Wilson, when Governor of New Jersey, opposed the system. "It must be," said he, "that those who are proposing this change of rates do not comprehend the effect it would have. A tax upon the business of the more widely circulated magazines and periodicals would be a tax upon their means of living and performing their functions." The Penrose-Overstreet Joint Commission in 1906 and the

Hughes Commission in 1912 denounced the plan. Although the Senate had declined by a vote of 59 to 9 to enact any postal legislation and the majority of the House did not want the zone system, yet it was passed.

A well-known publicist, Mr. A. D. Fairbairn, writing in the Decatur, Ill. *Herald*, points out that it was placed in the revenue bill in a conference committee by those who did not fully comprehend the situation, and was adopted by a tired Congress that wanted to go home. Yet this handicap which would destroy many valuable publications will not raise sufficient revenue to keep the Government going three hours at the present rate of expenditure. Mr. Fairbairn shows that the zone system is wrong because it will deprive the people of the cheapest method of education, restrict the circulation of current literature, sectionalize knowledge and operate to the "disadvantage of the citizen who lives in remote regions and whose sources of information are the magazines and newspapers of the country published in cities distant from his home."

Two strong protests have recently been made against the change in rates on second-class postage and calling upon Congress to repeal the law. One was by the Representative Club of publishers, and the other by the American Federation of Labor in adopting a resolution submitted by the photo-engravers, printing pressmen, bookbinders and typographical unions. There is reason to believe that the Senate postponed the operation of the zone system until next July hoping that sentiment would be created in the meantime to enforce its repeal. We trust that this may prove true. We must not create sectional divisions in the United States. The zone system of postage which would effectually debar the nation-wide circulation of popular publications is as sectional as was Mason and Dixon's line.

The Plain Truth

CREDIT! LESLIE's issue of December 15th contained an article, "Is Hungary the Peace Wedge?" by Mr. Laszlo Schwartz and Andor Garvay. Since Mr. Garvay is an Austro-Hungarian citizen and an ex-officer in his country's army, the editor of LESLIE's wishes to state that the article was prepared before our declaration of war against Austria-Hungary.

WHAT! Is it possible that the Government proposes, as is reported at Washington, to print 5,000,000 posters of the third Liberty Loan with which to plaster every public and private building, every street corner and every bill-board that can be reached with this sort of unprofitable and offensive publicity. Imagine the cost of 5,000,000 posters or lithographs in five or six colors, the most expensive of all kinds of printing, and the cost of pasting these upon buildings or distributing them among patriotic citizens who will agree to do the pasting themselves. It is sufficient to say that in some instances the posters of the second Liberty Loan were distributed in such quantities in some localities that only a portion of them were utilized. The need of economy in such matters is pressing. We call the attention of our friend the Secretary of the Treasury to this interesting situation. Think of the legitimate advertising that could be secured by the expenditure of the amount involved in this ridiculous bill-board campaign. The need of expert advisers in the matter is obvious. They can be had. Why not commandeer them?

MISTAKE! Even those who did not help to elect Mr. Hylan mayor of New York City are disposed to give him a fair trial, and to accept his pledge to give the city an economical administration. Far from reassuring, however, is one of Mr. Hylan's first public utterances following his election, in which he denounced the Bureau of Municipal Research because its good fortune has been to have the financial support of many public-spirited citizens of great wealth. For the past decade the bureau has served as a training school for investigators and secretaries who have found their way into important posts under the fusion administration. The bureau began under the mayoralty of Mr. McClellan. Judge Gaynor, when he became mayor, was prejudiced against it, but soon sought its co-operation. What our municipalities need most of all is expert co-operation and advice. This the Bureau of Municipal Research has sought to give. Judge Hylan needs just the help this bureau is able to furnish. He will be judged by what he proves himself to be as

mayor. The way for him to make a record is to seek the advice of those who have made municipal government a scientific study.

MISCHIEVOUS! The Farmers' Non-Partisan League of North Dakota, whose founder and president—Mr. A. C. Townley—recently went into bankruptcy, and who has been collecting \$16, two years' dues, in advance from 200,000 members, has come to New York to unite the farmers with the American Federation of Labor. These dues amount to the tidy sum of three million dollars. The League has a non-partisan title, but its purpose is to enter politics and control the legislature. As an organization of farmers the League cut a considerable figure in the North Dakota election in 1916, but Mr. Townley, realizing that a farmers' organization would not be sufficiently strong to swing a national election, has sought an alliance with the unions. Such an alliance is doomed to fail, because there are not sufficient points of contact between the two parties. The unions work constantly for higher wages and shorter hours, a combination which would spell disaster for the farmer. Wages are already as high as the farmer is able to pay, while an eight-hour day at harvest or haying time, or any other occasion when farm work has to be rushed through, would be ruinous. This is the same Non-Partisan League which held a High Cost of Living Conference at St. Paul, a conference chiefly famous because of Senator La Follette's pacifist speech, condemned by every patriotic citizen and organization. The farmers and workingmen of New York are too wise to be exploited by an opportunist from North Dakota.

LESSONS! The erudite Editor of the *Boston News Bureau* comments on the fact that pork has reached \$50 a barrel at Chicago, the highest price on record, beating that of the Civil War by \$7 a barrel. He says that "huge purchases of packing products by the Government are the reason for the advance." It is well to know that the high price of pork is not due to the so-called "Packing Trust" which the yellow journals have been blazoning in their headlines and cursing with vitriolic pens. The sensationalists fooled the public a long time. Scheming politicians rode into public office behind plumed horses amid the applause of the "dear people," whose interests they promised to defend from robber trusts, the octopuses and money kings, on whom the defamers placed all the burden of high prices. The demagogues have been the only ones to profit. It is a great lesson that this war is teaching, but who has paid for it? The "dear people" themselves. It cost the corporations millions to defend the anti-trust suits, and the costs were not paid by a few captains of industry, but by a million holders of securities. The railroads were sandbagged: The blow was not struck at the Vanderbilts or Harrimans or Goulds. It was struck at every savings bank and every life insurance company that had its money invested in railroad securities. It was struck at every stockholder, including widows and orphans whose funds were invested in American stocks and bonds. It takes time to teach a new generation the mistakes of the past. They are being taught, with a vengeance, just now.

CLEVER! The effort to secure co-operation between corporations and employees, and between employees and the public, has driven out forever the "public-be-damned" policy in public service corporations. This is illustrated in the brief and cleverly worded car notices from President Shonts of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City, which are pasted conspicuously on the windows of the cars. In ten years the subway has carried one and a half times the world's population, and by constant vigilance only one passenger has been killed during that time in a train accident, making this the safest railroad in the world. The public are asked to help in the prevention of accidents, and to co-operate in various little ways for the comfort of fellow passengers. Employees are instructed to treat passengers as they themselves would like to be treated and President Shonts asks the passenger, "Won't you put yourself in their place and treat them accordingly?" This company gave ten per cent. of one day's ticket sales to the Red Cross War Fund, and is proud of the fact that nearly eight thousand of its employees willingly subscribed to the Liberty Loan and that there are 1260 stars in the company's service flag. These car messages show the desire on the part of the management to keep in personal touch with the thousands of their employees and the hundreds of thousands of their daily patrons, and illustrate the co-operative spirit which is destined to prevent labor troubles in all industries. It is interesting to note that President Shonts's cards have elicited more than 7,000 letters from Interborough patrons.

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Rediscovering the South

By W. E. AUGHINBAUGH

Independence. During the dark day of the Civil War it was a pivotal point around which seethed the troubled waters of secession, and it was from the famous Fort Sumter in the harbor that the first gun in that con-

flict was fired. To-day there is an air of refinement and stateliness about the city, which is made more impressive by the retiring but luxurious Southern homes of typical Colonial design, with their massive white columns in front. The wealth of verdure at all times of the year and the many avenues lined with magnificent old trees leave an exquisite mental picture of this stately Southern town that time cannot efface.

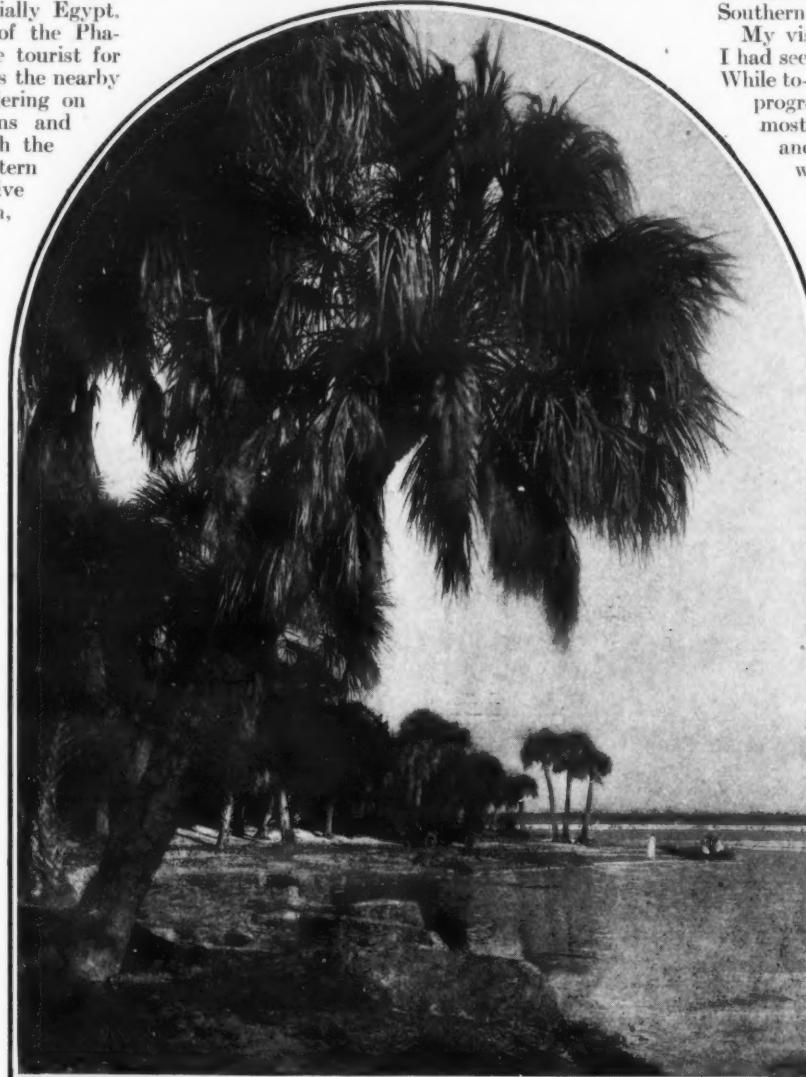
My visit to the South would not be complete until I had seen the ante-bellum city of Savannah, Georgia. While to-day this attractive metropolis displays modern progress, still on every hand there are signs of the most sentimental association with the cherished and delightful dreamy past that no one would wish eliminated. Nowhere in the sunny South do flowers grow so profusely and with such riotous colorings. No other city has more graceful spreading live-oak trees and in no other place that I am acquainted with, save possibly Mexico City, are there such displays of rare flowers and tropical plants, festooned and draped with trailing vines which add an appropriateness to the scene. Close by is the Island of Tybee, affording all kinds of seaside and aquatic diversions.

If I had the time I should be glad to go into the rugged mountains of Tennessee or into the busy towns of Alabama. The manufacturing and mining impetus in these States, especially in the production of coal and iron, is most impressive. I'd like too to stop for a few hours or a few days, as opportunity offered, at some of the many inviting little towns en route, situated between the larger and better-known cities, and be entertained and pleased and rested. Florida, the land of the Fountain of Youth, must be seen to make perfect and to appropriately close this vacation of vacations.

It is hard to resist a call to Florida, the home of flowers, surrounded by the lipping blue waters of the Atlantic Ocean, clothed in romance and basking in everlasting summer. Someone has said of this Peninsular State that it was the tourist's delight, the motorist's Mecca, the fisherman's paradise, the yachtman's rendezvous and the golfer's joy." It is all of these and more. My belief is that the author of these thoughts only half-expressed the truth, and I know of no spot in the world where the old Arabic text inscribed on the crumbling walls of the Alhambra in Spain could be more appropriately used: "Surely, surely, if there be a Heaven upon earth, this must be it."

No matter what one craves in the line of recreation Florida has a full measure to give all who visit her domicile of verdure and flowers. A smiling welcome awaits the visitor. Her hospitality is unbounded. The oldest city in America—St. Augustine—is within her confines. The flags of four different nations have flown in her breezes. Along her stretches of sea-washed shores one may bathe every day in the year. Sunshine predominates during the day, with nights invariably cool. Hotels of unique magnificence cater to those seeking such entertainment, while more modest and retiring ones modernly equipped supply the lesser demands of others. One cannot think of Florida without also thinking of fishing, for in no waters of the world is this sport so alluring. There is not a month in the year when some special hard fighting game fish does not rendezvous off the coast, tempting the ambitious angler to greater achievements, and there is no place on earth so liberally provided with islands and keys especially adapted for the proper location of fishing clubs. Back from the long, white winding shore line of coral sand, concealed by the leaning bordering palms

(Continued on page 913)



Sunshine day after day, balmy breezes and views that rival the exploited resorts of other lands reward the winter tourist to the South, whether he travels to the seat of the old secessionists—delightful old Charleston—to America's Riviera or to the resorts the Gulf Coast in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas.



Florida has much to interest the traveler besides gorgeously appointed hotels at the resorts of fashion. The State is replete with historic associations, not the least important of which wins itself about the few surviving members of the Seminole tribe of Indians, the crude homes of whom are found inland from Miami and neighboring resorts. One of the traveler's most cherished memories of Florida is associated with the annual Indian Dance of the Seminoles, held at West Palm Beach.

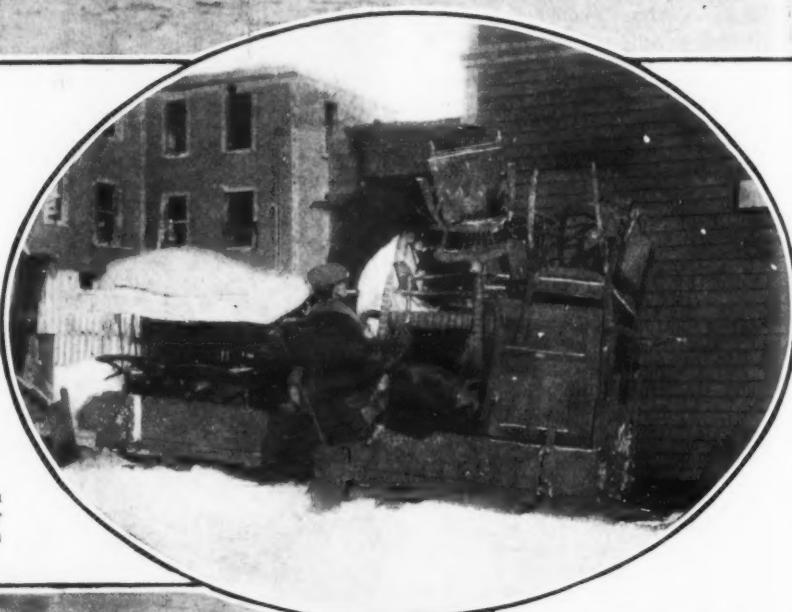
The Destruction of a City

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Staff War Photographer

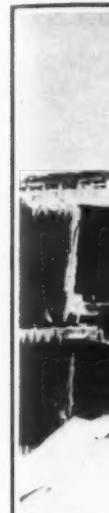
"I have lain among the dying in the trenches in Flanders, I have gone over the top, crossed No-Man's Land, treading underfoot my own comrades still trembling with their death wounds and I have witnessed the agony of the aftermath of a bootless counter-attack," said one witness of the Halifax disaster, "but I have seen nothing worse than this." Mad with distress uninjured friends and relatives rushed into the ruins, and with the persistence of half-crazed beings, tore at the bricks and mortar that had once been their own homes hoping against hope that somewhere a loved-one still breathing might be found or, at least, a body to receive its last tribute. At the right is a view of the Richmond slope where the greatest loss of life was suffered.



When the workers, assisted by the soldiers from the garrison and sailors quickly landed from warships in the harbor, had begun to get the situation under control, a snow-storm broke over the city that grew worse as night came on, fanning the flames and then choking the streets with swirling snow. The tree above was cut off by the force of the explosion.



In the stricken city where every room was open to weather through the broken windows the suffering was terrible. Frantic attempts were made to choke the windows with bedding, rags or any material at hand. But bad as the lot of the temporarily housed was, the injured lying unsuccored beneath the wreckage were worse off. Many died before they could be reached and as the storm grew the workers were forced to cease. Loads of dead streamed into the morgue only to be followed by frantic survivors trying to identify mutilated bodies by some chance trinket that might still remain. A second and then a third storm came up, finally leaving the city under icy drifts that resisted even the pickaxe. Relief from other cities began to arrive and was placed at the disposal of the military authorities who had already had soldiers and sailors at work clearing the buried wreckage of snow. Above is a load of bedding and furniture being salvaged for the wounded.



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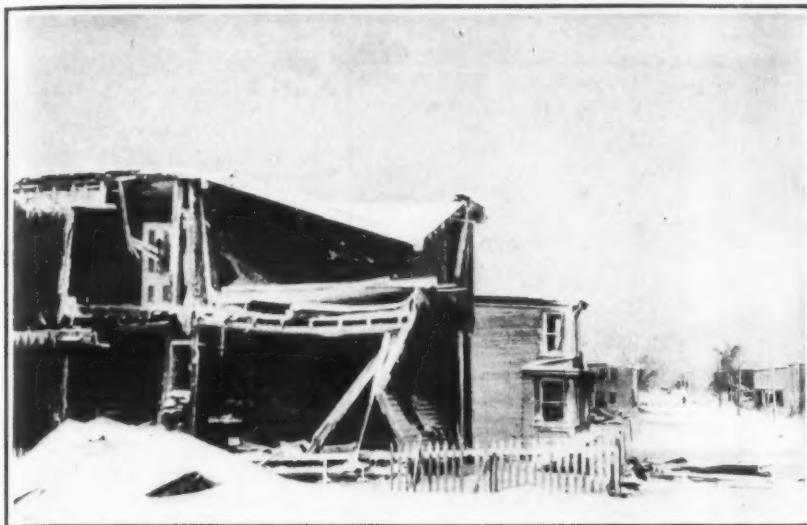
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The Ruins of Halifax

As seen by JAMES H. HARE, Staff War Photographer



This house shows the force of the explosion. Note how the side nearest the explosion has been blown in by the concussion.



Canadian soldiers are searching the ruins for injured and dead. The work of the men in uniform of all branches of the service did much to relieve suffering.

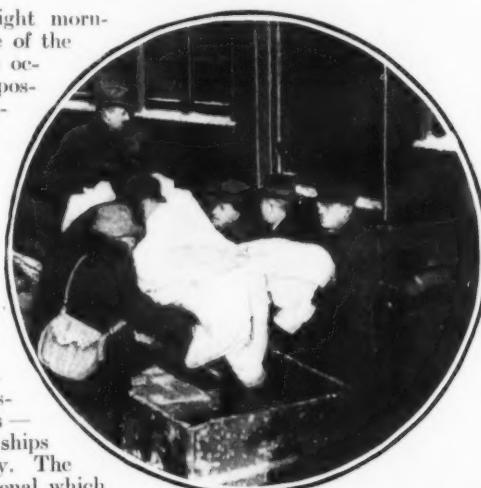
OUT of a blue sky on a bright morning on December 6th one of the greatest disasters of years occurred at Halifax, N. S. It is impossible at the present moment to ascertain the exact number of killed and injured, but conservative estimates suggest about 1400 to 1500 killed outright. The regrettable part of the whole occurrence is the fact that it was accidental—caused by culpable negligence.

The *Mont Blanc*, a heavily loaded French munition ship passing the *Imo*, a Norwegian ship, carrying relief to the Belgians, in the narrow channel misunderstood each other's signals—somebody lost his head—after the ships had almost cleared each other safely. The *Imo* crashed into the floating arsenal which carried tons of T. N. T., picric acid, and benzol, and the inevitable happened.

When I arrived on the scene I could almost believe I was back on the firing line in France. Small piles of brick, mortar, wood and iron were all that remained of a thickly populated district. Trees were splintered and down from the force of explosions, fires were still burning in coal heaps, and hundreds of people were working in the debris, frantically digging to find the bodies of their loved ones. Scores of these rescue workers were bandaged and looked for all the world like men wounded in battle.

As is usual in accidents of this kind, there is a diversity of opinion as to how many explosions actually took place. Evidently there was a smaller one at first which caused people to rush to the windows to see what was happening. Then came the main blast which blew in the glass windows and that I think accounts for so many people losing their eyes, and being cut about the head and face.

A mile from the explosion I saw great slivers of plate glass sticking horizontally in the walls of the office of the chief of police, like arrows that had been propelled by a bow. So one can



Above, at the left, relief workers are loading the injured on trains for transportation to hospitals in neighboring cities and towns. At the right is a team of horses and a wagon which caught the full force of the explosion.



ones were killed or maimed and one or both parents, who no doubt would willingly have given their lives to protect their babes, were either killed by the explosion or burned to death by the fire that followed.

To add to the horrors, the weather changed suddenly and a blizzard raged just as people were trying to extricate their injured. This also hampered the arrival of the small army of doctors and nurses that rushed to volunteer their services. No sooner was one snow-storm over than another commenced—three bad storms in two days whose icy cold blasts piercingly cut into the even well-appareled person.

One bright ray of sunshine that stood out prominently in this great havoc and gloom was the splendid offers of assistance in money, clothes, food and medical service that was received by cable at the earliest possible moment from the neighboring towns of Canada and of the United States.



This house collapsed when the explosion came, burying its inmates. When the relief workers began their task, the dead lay about in the streets, huddled against walls where they had been hurled, pinned under burning buildings, and unconscious beneath the fallen walls.



Little Katherine Arnold, whose mother and two sisters were killed, left her father in Halifax at the side of her dying brother. She is on her way to Providence, R. I., with her uncle.



This Protestant school collapsed on hundreds of pupils and the death list is shocking. In another school not a child was killed, though the building was badly damaged.

A WEEK OF THE WAR

By HENRY FARRAND GRIFFIN

DURING the past few weeks the American people, for the first time, have awakened to the fact that we are engaged in a real war with an exceedingly dangerous and resourceful enemy. It was high time. Perhaps the greatest weakness of the Entente Allies has been the tendency of their leaders, no less than their peoples, to underestimate the strength and staying power of the enemy. Until very recently we have been nursing the same illusions, and the awakening has come none too soon. Many factors contributed to it—the Italian disaster, the threatening consequences of the Russian armistice, the startling repulse of the victorious British advance on Cambrai and certain ambiguous newspaper dispatches, mutilated by the censorship in a manner that made many people suspect that the situation was worse than we were allowed to know. But perhaps the greatest factor in driving home to the average man the fact that this war is no child's play has been the disconcerting domestic shortage of some of the very necessities of life—such as coal, sugar and the like. When a man in the midst of winter cannot buy coal at any price, it makes considerably more of an impression on him than newspaper stories of far-away battles in Europe. It brings the war straight home in a very cold and unpleasant manner. As usual in such belated public reactions to the course of events, the pendulum is likely to swing to the other extreme. The scatter-brains who a few weeks ago were so positive the American fleet could easily brush over the mine fields of Heligoland Bay and "dig the rats" out of the Kiel Canal, the people who talked so light-heartedly of American troops marching into Berlin by spring—these are the people who are now willing to give credence to every fantastic rumor of gloom and despair. They find it quite easy to believe that Zeppelins will be bombing New York tomorrow or that a submarine's periscope was sighted in the Hudson River last night. It is well, indeed, that the American people should realize what a stern job we have undertaken, but needless panic can do quite as much harm as unreasoning, boastful assurance of victory.

Investigation of British Reverse Before Cambrai

For the first time in many months the Germans have taken the offensive on the western front. Their recent drives against the British before Cambrai can no longer be disguised as merely counter-attacks which are essentially a phase of defensive warfare. The dispatches bearing on the recent British reverse have been heavily censored, but it becomes increasingly clear that the Germans came pretty near to turning defeat into victory, and at one point at least succeeded in breaking through General Byng's lines to a depth of three or four miles. Byng may perhaps congratulate himself that his advance from Lieutenant-General to General was put through so rapidly, for in the present state of British opinion his chances for promotion would be slim. The government has promised Parliament that there will be a thorough investigation of the whole affair, and this report will certainly make interesting reading.

The continued armistice negotiations between the Bolsheviks and the Germans have been attracting less attention largely because the Entente Allies have given



FRENCH OFFICIAL PICTORIAL PRESS
The year 1917 saw a great increase in the use of concrete by the German military engineers. "Pillboxes" and the new methods employed in the front lines created many new uses for this material. Above is a concrete observation post built into the walls of a church demolished by shell fire. Note the slits for look-out posts.

Russia up as hopeless, so far as any offensive operations are concerned. They will be well satisfied now if Russia does not conclude a separate peace and keeps some sort of a defensive front intact in the east. There is no doubt, however, that the Germans are preparing to withdraw large bodies of troops from the east for future operations in the west. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the numerical superiority of the Allies on the western front may be temporarily extinguished—at least until the arrivals of American troops begin to be a serious factor. That is why there appears to be reasonable ground for the reports that Germany is contemplating an energetic winter campaign in the west with possibly a great offensive against the French lines. The German higher command is shrewd enough to realize that with America's tremendous war preparations it is now or never for a German offensive in the west. By the summer of 1918 the weight of American support ought to begin to count heavily for

the Allies. There may be some anxious days ahead for the Allies this winter, but people who talk about the possibility of the Germans smashing through the Allied lines in France and Flanders need not be taken very seriously. If the Germans with their overwhelming superiority in men and munitions could not turn the trick in 1914 and 1915 there is mighty little chance of their doing it this winter with British and French resources fully developed and American support counting more effectively every day. The plain truth of the matter is that a well-organized, well-equipped defensive under the conditions of modern warfare has a tremendous advantage over the offensive. The Allies as well as the Germans have learned this lesson at a very heavy cost.

Italians' Determined Stand

The Italians certainly deserve great credit for their staunch defense of the mountain lines, coming, as it did, so soon after their disastrous defeat and retreat. Repeated and furious offensives both from the Asiago plateau and between the Brenta

and Piave rivers failed to score more than minor tactical gains for the enemy. Every day that the Italians hold fast makes their chances of final success brighter, for the snow will soon be drifting deep in the mountain passes and French and British reinforcements in men and munitions are streaming steadily to Italy's aid. An Austrian attempt to cross the lower Piave was checked without much difficulty, and at this writing Italy's prospects seem distinctly brighter.

The Significance of Jerusalem's Fall

The chief significance of the British capture of Jerusalem is political and sentimental rather than military. Yet the results may in the end prove more favorable for the Allies than a victory of considerably greater strategic importance. Who that ever read the history of the great Crusades was not thrilled by the news that the descendants of Richard Lion Heart had succeeded where he failed so gloriously centuries ago? How many hundreds of thousands of gallant knights wearing the cross on their breasts would rejoice at the glad tidings after more than six centuries have passed with the city in Pagan hands. It must be remembered also that Jerusalem is holy ground for the Mohammedan as well as for Christian and Jew. The British Government is making shrewd political capital out of this victory by placing Mohammedans in control of their own shrines and holy places, while carefully safeguarding the rights of Christians and holding out to the Zionists the promise of an autonomous Jewish state in Palestine. Another significant aspect is that with the fall of Jerusalem the last of the really great Mohammedan holy places passes out of the control of the Turks. When we remember how great are the Mohammedan populations in the British Empire we can readily understand that the British leaders are wise in taking such pains to avoid offending this great body of religious opinion. Furthermore the taking of Jerusalem ends the Turkish threat against the Suez Canal and Egypt and unquestionably marks the end of Turkey's military effectiveness in an aggressive way. From now on the Mohammedan army is fighting an entirely defensive campaign.



NEWS SALIENTS ON THE MAP OF EUROPE

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Men Who Are Winning the War

Theodore Francis Whitmarsh, the One-Time Office Boy, Who Now Sees that Nobody Corners the Food Market

By SAMUEL CROWTHER



THEODORE FRANCIS WHITMARSH

HOOVER in Washington wired Whitmarsh in New York: "Can you take breakfast with me tomorrow morning?" That was in June. Whitmarsh innocently went down, and in the midst of the eggs—it may have been during the fruit—Hoover pinned on him the fine sonorous title of Chief of the Division of Distribution of the United States Food Administration, which is another way of saying that Whitmarsh found himself charged with the vitally important function of seeing that the whole country gets a square deal on passing around the food.

He is the man who has control of the big distributors—the wholesale grocers and other maligned intermediaries—and through them endeavors to hold a rein on the corner grocer. He is the man who is trying to arrange that you may be able to buy a can of peas every day in the year and ten cans on no day in the year. And that the price you pay represents the costs of production and distribution plus a fair profit, but only a fair profit. He is not one of those who advocate a society in which the man who sells his labor may regard the sky as the limit of the profit, but in which the seller of goods is expected to market at cost or a bit less, and to live comfortably on the deficits.

Since that fateful breakfast Whitmarsh has been putting in anywhere from ten to fourteen hours a day in Washington working on the puzzle that Hoover handed to him—puzzle that has as yet been unsolved by any of the food administrations abroad. Even the German crop of superhumans has been unable, despite pragmatic sanction, to keep the rich from getting more than they need and the poor from being starved. We have not gone far enough as yet to know if our plans will work out, but the odds are, and I say this advisedly, that they will. Certainly no better man than Whitmarsh could be had for the ticklish job of keeping everyone happy and at the same time giving no one all that he wants. For that is about what food administration amounts to when stripped of detail.

The reason Hoover picked on Whitmarsh was because, as the president of the National Association of Wholesale Grocers, he was the logical choice and also because he had a national reputation for doing things in a nice way. He was known as a man with whom you might disagree but with whom you could not quarrel.

Why and how he learned to be a diplomat takes one back to 1886 when Whitmarsh as a boy of seventeen entered the famous wholesale grocery of his uncle, Francis H. Leggett. Right on the face of things it would seem inevitable that the youngster would grow into the leadership of his uncle's business, and those who think that a man needs pull to prosper will sniff as they say: "How could he help it? The cards were stacked."

This theory of nepotism fails to take into account one not unimportant factor—Francis H. Leggett himself and the variety of big and little prejudices and aversions which were scattered through the nature of that really great merchant. If you understand Mr. Leggett, you cannot fail to see why Whitmarsh had no other choice than to become a diplomat.

Mr. Leggett had two particular and absorbing de-testations—one was parsley and the other was relatives. A prominent member of the bar told me how as a young man he had hoped to make an impression on the old gentleman; he invited Mr. Leggett to a luncheon which he had selected with great care in the hope of gaining grace. The soup course went by splendidly and then came on the fish—nice, broiled trout—a conquering dish in which the young lawyer smelled future fees. Mr. Leggett had been amiable and even affable until the delicate little trout sizzled in. He had one look, mentioned that he did not like trout and passed through the remainder of the meal with even fewer words than mouthfuls. The luncheon was a flat failure from a business standpoint. It was merely an abstract culinary success. The lawyer went back to his office in a daze; he had done something wrong, but what he did not know; he asked the subject of this sketch, Theodore F. Whitmarsh, who was then working for Mr. Leggett, what the trouble could have been.

"How were the fish cooked?" asked Whitmarsh.

"Beautifully, with butter and parsley."

"There is your trouble; it was the parsley. He calls it grass and you are lucky not to have had a pointed lecture on spoiling food."

Not only did Mr. Leggett detest "grass" but also he felt that a liking for parsley was evidence of potential degeneracy or worse. It took the lawyer years to prove that he was all right in spite of the parsley.

But Mr. Leggett was fonder of parsley than of rela-

bring the stocks together, and dole them out to the little grocers who had neither the capital nor the business to permit direct purchases. He bought from the seven seas and sold at a profit, but at lower prices than the grocers could import their own small quantities. He had started without capital and had fought his way unaided to the very top. He believed only in the "pull" of sheer ability.

The merchant had other fixed ideas. For instance he held that it was the bounden duty of every club member to protest vigorously at any lapse in service—otherwise how could the club be kept right for those who did not go there often? The servants at the Union League regarded him as somehow connected with the Angel of Death. He was equally positive in his public duties and assiduously fought for good government and public improvements. When the Sixth Avenue elevated was built through West Broadway, he was one of the few abutting owners who refused to take property damages; he declared that citizens should contribute to the attaining of quicker transit. But of all his views and attitudes, the most positive was that having relatives about the place was a nuisance.

Caroline Leggett was his sister; she married H. C. Whitmarsh and they named their son Theodore Francis. When Theodore was seventeen his father died; the mother had no money and had to take the boy from the public school. She persuaded her brother to give him a chance in the business; he said that he would give anyone a chance, but that was all. A long procession of nephews and cousins had passed through the concern—most of them on the quick step, for, although Mr. Leggett would permit an outsider several mistakes, he held that one was plenty for a relative. And so it came about that in 1886 Mr. Leggett welcomed his nephew into the big warehouse on West Broadway with these words:

"Theodore, you seem to be a nice boy and the only thing I have against you is that you are my nephew. Try to forget that you are my nephew and do your work. If your work is all right I will also forget that we are related."

The boy started at three dollars a week in return for which he saw to it that all the outgoing letters bore the proper postage. From stamping envelopes, young Whitmarsh graduated to opening mail. Two or three thousand letters arrived each day; those which contained orders had to be attended to on the instant, for grocers do not commonly order by mail until their shelves are almost bare. But among the orders and checks was a sprinkling of inquiries. In the rush of affairs, the former clerks had always pushed these aside; sometimes they took them up again but more often they forgot all about them. Whitmarsh worked out a system of his own by which every inquiry reached the proper salesman. He was acknowledged to be the best order clerk the firm had ever had and Mr. Leggett began to think that perhaps this nephew was an exception.

Mr. Leggett was a fair but hard master; he did not dislike ideas but he did not like to adopt anything in a hurry. The youngster was full of ideas—and therefore full of potential trouble. One of the present officers of the company, who was an employee when Whitmarsh entered the house, thus described him to me:

"He was a bright, rosy-faced boy who was simply bubbling over with ideas for doing things differently. He did his own work very quickly and well and then looked about to see what else he might take on. No employee was jealous of him—he was so far and away the most efficient boy that had ever come into the place that you couldn't begrudge him anything. I do not think that I ever heard it said that he got anything because he was the nephew of the head of the house. We just thought of him as a nice young fellow who was bound to get on."

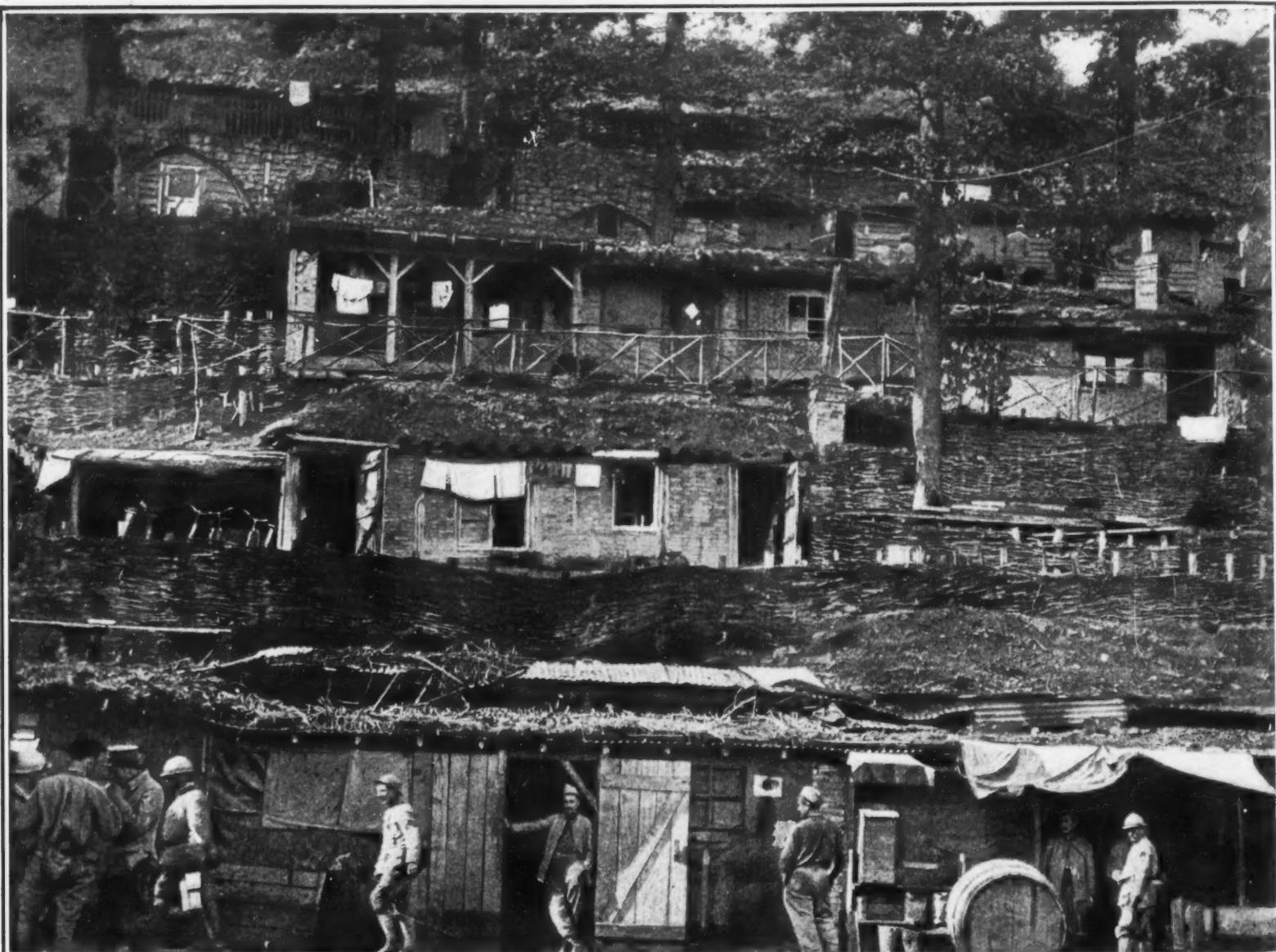
Anyone around Mr. Leggett who was full of ideas stood an excellent chance of being fired unless he also knew how to put those ideas over; for although Mr. Leggett was entirely open to diplomatic suggestions he did not like flat-footed, heavy-treaded changes. Young Whitmarsh very rapidly discovered that whatever notions and changes his boyish enthusiasm originated would only be sources of trouble unless they were draped in diplomatic finesse. He learned to be a diplomat as well as a business man. He put his ideas over.

From the order desk he ascended to assistant buyer and then became a full-fledged buyer. He took a turn at every department and stayed in each one long enough to know its every detail. He

Continued on page 905

The Cliff Dwellers of France

Exclusive Photographs from Pictorial Press, French Official



The Indians of Arizona and New Mexico built homes like these hundreds of years ago. Tier upon tier these shelters rise on the hillsides back of the firing lines. A thriving city this seems with its closely packed "houses" of varied architecture and materials. Quarters such as these are most welcome to soldiers who have wintered in the trenches, of which one captain wrote: "If you want to know trench life dig a hole six feet deep and two feet wide; fill it three-fourths full of water and stand in it with sixty pounds on your back and eight pounds on your head. Then get some one to throw pails of ice water over your shoulders as rapidly as possible."

Massive concrete boxes such as that at the left now form an important phase of the German defense. These gun pits or "pill boxes" are a development of the shell hole defense and are scattered thickly along the German front and used as the first line of defense since they present a much smaller target and cannot be destroyed as easily by artillery fire as a trench. Unless a square hit is registered slight damage is done to the boxes or their occupants who are thus left ready to repel the infantry attack.

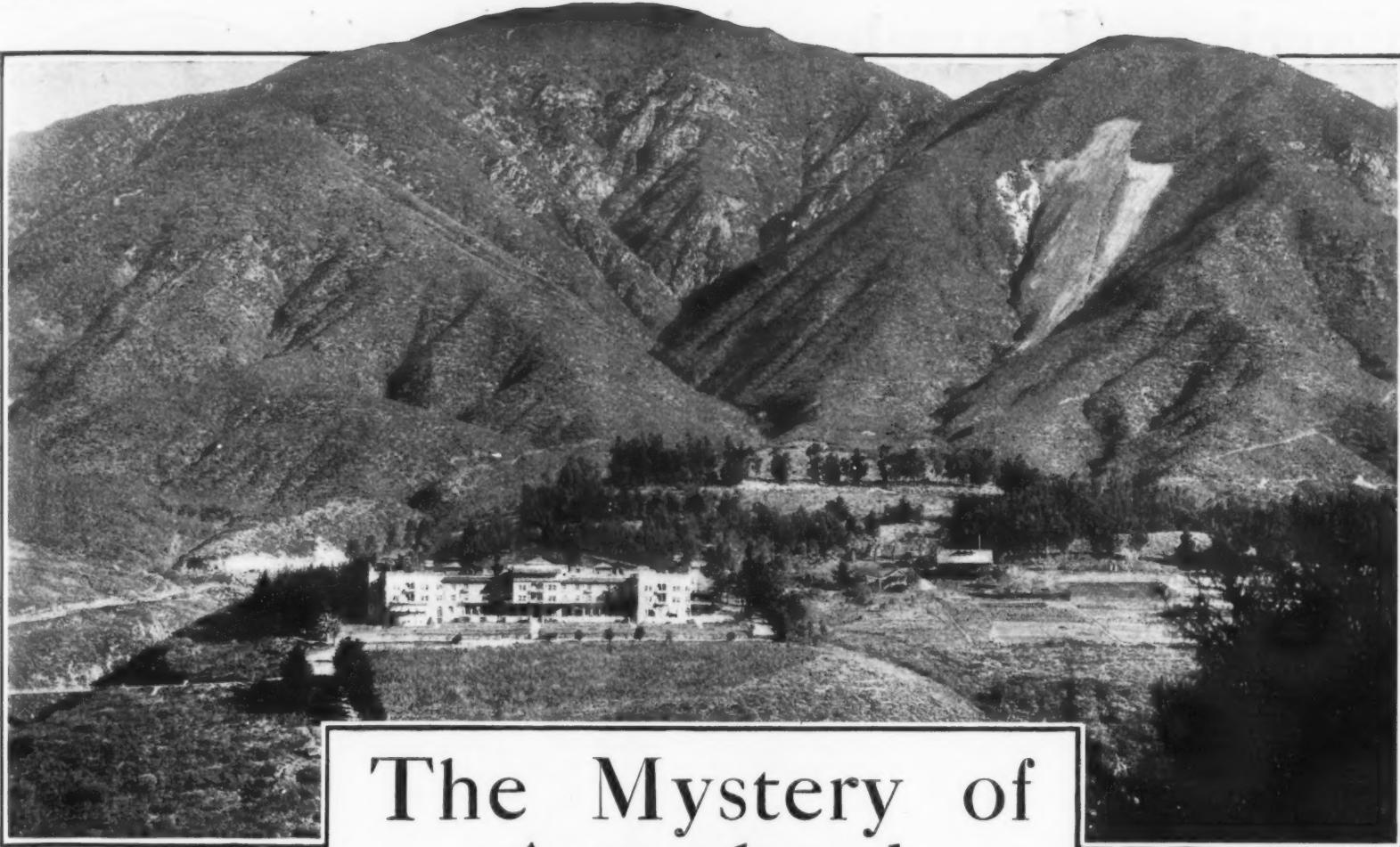
A HUNDRED years ago in the world, Dwight at the time stated that the Indians do not care for the advantages of nations should. The situation is a wonderful public service. The lively California was the first to be said was true. It is a part of the world, but it is a wondrous gift on the Sacramento River, a flux of fortune.

California is east of the mountains, its attraction is Nature. The state in 1850 to 1860 industrial a still greater.

California including the mountains and the United States has been overlooked as one of its greatest hidden treasures. These rise from the valley. On one side, extending from the mountains, are fully seven Indian arrow points. The point is directed to the mesas, where springs which have cut deep into the mountainsides.

Who formed up the mountains? The white sage bushes within its crevices, of a mile long, in contrast with the mesas? The French said it looked like Indian legends. The size of the legend, the arrow on the mesas, the warm, bubbly water.

No histor-



The Mystery of Arrowhead

By JOHN A. SLEICHER

A HUNDRED and twenty years ago in the geography of the world, published by Nathaniel Dwight at Hartford, Conn., it was stated that "the people of California do not care to publish the natural advantages of this country lest other nations should be induced to visit it." Of course, the situation is radically changed today, with the wonderful publicity California is so justly receiving in the lively "See America First" campaign. California was then a dependency of Spain and what was said was true. Half a century later, when it became a part of the United States, conditions changed, but it is doubtful if California would have had its wondrous growth so quickly if the discovery of gold on the Sacramento in 1848 had not led to a sudden influx of fortune hunters from all over the world.

California, peopled largely by pioneers from states east of the Rockies, is not backward in proclaiming its attractions of soil and climate, nor its wonders of Nature. The state has grown in population from 92,600 in 1850 to over two and a half millions in 1914, and its industrial and commercial wealth has increased in even greater ratio.

California has so many of Nature's greatest wonders, including the Yosemite, the Big Trees, the highest mountain and the only active volcano in continental United States, that it is not surprising that some have been overlooked. One of its most remarkable as well as one of its most mysterious natural attractions lies hidden in the San Bernardino Mountains. These rise from 3,000 to 12,000 feet above the valley. On one of the most imposing of them, extending from near its top and covering fully seven and a half acres, a gigantic Indian arrowhead is superimposed. The point is directed toward the famous hot springs whose waters pour out of the mountainsides in such volume that they have cut deep canyons as they push on to the mesa.

Who formed this arrowhead 3,500 feet up the mountainside, who planted, with white sage brush, the seven and a half acres within its clearly defined limits, a quarter of a mile long and 550 feet wide, in sharp contrast with the growth, outside the line of demarcation, of thick chaparral, mesquit and chamisal? The Franciscan fathers saw it a century ago and it looked then as it does now. Of course there are Indian legends about it, for all this section was in possession of the roaming tribesmen until 60 or 70 years ago. One of the legends is that the Indians outlined the gigantic arrow on the highest hill to locate the springs in whose warm, bubbling waters they sought the healing power.

No historian confirms this legend and few believe it,

for the task of climbing 1000 feet up a steep mountain-side to plant a seven-and-a-half-acre plot with brush differing in appearance from that with which Nature has clothed its countless hills would have taxed the super-human. The Indian could have had neither resources nor patience for the undertaking. It was Nature's work and the best proof of it is that, as long as memory runs, the gigantic arrowhead has kept its place unchanged and unchangeable, except for deep rifts in its surface caused by the floods of water from the melting snows. Nature could have carved the great arrow with a mountain cloudburst as its chisel, for scientists assert that a sudden torrential downpour of water might have struck a rock dividing on both sides and been brought together again, thus carving out an arrowhead, point downward.

The thermal springs at Arrowhead are not shallow dripping pools, but deep, bubbling, flowing underground

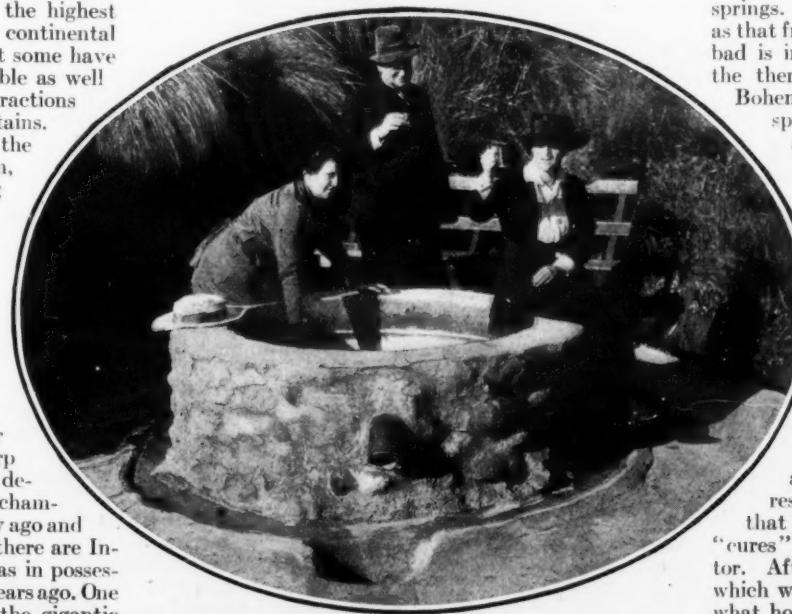
Nature called man's attention to this spot in California and to its curative springs by the curiously formed giant arrow on the mountain side. Man took nature's cue and named the place Arrowhead Springs, and Nature's mark, visible for miles, points to the beautiful Arrowhead Springs.

streams finding their sources in the underlying volcanic formation and pushing out to the surface in search of freedom. Paths have been built and are neatly kept so that the visitor can walk along the canyons in which the steaming waters flow. Their warmth keeps the grass green along these pathways and brings out a profusion of richly-tinted wild flowers. The bracing air is redolent of Nature's sweetest perfume.

There is health in every breath of the ozonic air at Arrowhead Hot Springs and healing in the thermal waters that gush from the depths of the mountain in great volume. They closely resemble the waters of Carlsbad, Bohemia. They are warm and almost tasteless and without drastic effect on the human system. A faint odor of hydrogen sulphide gas can be detected if one sits near the steam that rises from the hottest springs. When cold, the water is as clear and tasteless as that from any ordinary spring. The visitor to Carlsbad is impressed by the very slight mineral taste in the thermal waters of that famous health resort in Bohemia. To many the bitter saline and sulphur springs, so commonly found, are objectionable and physicians often doubt the advisability of taking waters that gripe and nauseate even if they give relief under some conditions. The tendency is all in favor of springs like those at Carlsbad, Aix-les-Bains, Vichy and Arrowhead that work with, rather than against, Nature and that act so slowly that the action is almost imperceptible.

The visitor at any of the spas is told that he should stay two or three weeks, or ten days at the shortest, to get real benefit. The mania among some Americans to rush to Saratoga, French Lick, or some other spa and take deep douches from one spring and sometimes from several consecutively is responsible for the comment frequently heard that the healing waters are "no good." At foreign "cures" a physician must first be consulted by the visitor. After a careful examination the doctor prescribes which water and how much of it shall be taken and at what hour. He also prescribes in many cases, especially at Carlsbad, the patient's diet. He will not hold himself responsible if the patient does not follow his advice.

(Continued on page 914)



One of Nature's curative springs at Arrowhead—Granite Springs—is a rendezvous of the visitors every morning. The temperature of the water is 158° F.

Wartime Travelers in London

The Old Landmarks Are Still There. Only the Spirit Has Changed

By RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN, of The Vigilantes

IF you could forget the war and be just a tourist in London—but there are no tourists in London. If you could drop from the clouds—NOT by means of a Zeppelin—and fall into the center of the Strand with your single suitcase—for you would travel light if you entered that way—you would hardly believe your eyes. You would rub them hard and gape at the masses of people and be altogether bewildered. Then you would do what tourists always start by doing: take a taxi.

It would be proper, perhaps, to go first to your hotel for a room. But why go there first? Since you didn't arrive by Zeppelin, you probably arranged to come in the daytime, and you would not have sufficient clothes in that small bag to change. Why not charter your taxi for all your errands, drop in at Cook's and Brown Shapley's and the American Express to see who has registered from home, and then go up the Haymarket, through busy Piccadilly Circus and slowly past the shops along Regent Street?

Presumably you're a woman. You'd remember the shops you knew and loved when you were over that other time—Selfridge's and Whiteley's and Jay's and Dent's, and above all Liberty's with its array of filmy colors. You'd stop there and buy a fresh necklace, and be directed up one of those many subdivisions to where the gowns and hats belong. Your eyes would be intoxicated with that mélée of color—that's why you would hardly notice the little "lift-girl."

"Can I direct Madam?"

How well you remember that rising inflection, and how you wish they would only let you alone to go about and touch the lovely things!

"Madam wishes to buy this smock?"

You may as well give in. Of course you'll buy it! And Cousin Belle will burst with envy when she sees it—crêpe de chine and all smocked by hand, too—and from Liberty's; you'll boast of that. Expensive? Three guineas is not wild extravagance even in New York.

You hurry out, however, before you can be further tempted, and have yourself driven across to Dent's for half a dozen pairs of gloves. You begin to take account of the crowds.

Something is different. There seem to be more people. There are a good many soldiers, some with blue bands on their arms, some with bright ribbons edging their upper left-hand pockets, and some of those kilted Scotch ones with the funny bare knees that always look cold. There are so many women—alert-looking women—and the majority wear a very curious attire. Not exactly Salvation Army, but something that makes you ask what sort of revival has struck the city. A kind of uniform, navy serge mostly, with a military-looking hat and queer shoulder-pieces and medals. Rushing by your taxi comes a big truck driven by a stocky person in khaki; your second glance tells you it is a woman!

Certainly there is a change in London. You keep telling yourself that the place has taken on a totally new aspect. A few women in black cause you to suspect, just for a moment, that the death of some royal personage has plunged

the city into mourning; then the predominance of color makes you discard that theory. A group of men pass in bright blue suits, laughing a little, though several of them are on crutches; there is a good deal of khaki; and those women—there are so many hurrying along—are too busy for grief: besides, what of the unaccountable uniforms? You



BRITISH OFFICIAL
Many businesses in England have fallen into the hands of women. Not the least successful of these is a veterinary hospital in North London. Many of London's truck-horses are cared for and driven by women. In this picture women hostlers are seen exercising their convalescent charges.



BRITISH OFFICIAL
The commissionaire at a great London store blowing her whistle to call a taxicab for a customer.



BRITISH OFFICIAL
A woman bus conductress collecting fares on a London route

glance up at the radiant sky, at the luxuriant green foliage of the trees and the pink hawthorn abloom, at the old women guarding flower-stalls

that blaze with corn-flowers and scarlet peonies. Yet there seems to be a new purpose about everything.

You are attracted by a crowd, and, in the distance, in front of Buckingham Palace, you see bobbing red-coats on horses, several important-looking carriages and a guard of men in khaki. Birthday honors—decorations in Hyde Park or Albert Gate; you hear someone explaining about it all. A fat woman bawls out something about:

"Penny! Commemoration a penny! Souvenir on a pocket 'ankerchie' a penny; all on a pocket 'ankerchie' a penny!"

You are amused by an old man in a straw hat with small Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes stuck in his hat-band: another penny for them.

And when you are held up in the traffic, you laugh when a little boy points to two aeroplanes in the sky and asks his mother:

"Is that the king and queen?"

But the crowd, however good-natured, is too thick not to obstruct your view. You, certainly, are not destined to see the king and queen unless in the air. Besides, the taxi fare is mounting up. Not that the clock has climbed so appallingly as it would in New York, but, after all, a tourist in a comparatively strange country must be careful. You sigh and tell the chauffeur to drive to the Hotel Cecil by way of the Buildings of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.

"I'll stop for a minute at the Abbey," you say, and are surprised at his grunted reply:

"Very well, Miss."

His tone seems to question your right to take in the sights of London!

What is the matter with the grass at the Abbey? It is nearly three inches high in spots. As you remembered the lawns of England, they were without blemish. But you must not delay; the moving throng leads you within those great grey cathedral walls and, with that silent feeling at your heart holding you in the doorway, you listen to the droning explanation of the patient guide.

"This 'ere is the great admiral—" He is addressing a group of soldiers. As you brush past to see if the Poets' Corner is still there, you read the gilt lettering on one of the shoulders: "Australia," and you notice that the man's arm is in a sling.

Outside in the sunshine you stand beside your taxi and look admiringly at the Houses of Parliament. You speak of how good it is to see Big Ben—and your driver scathingly remarks:

"Big Ben's a noise, Ma'am, not a sight!" and you remember your own Big Ben at home, which never really did waken you in spite of its persistence.

There you stand in that well-known place, and everything looks the same—except Westminster Hospital across the way; you are puzzled because it has such a lot of people in nightclothes on the porch.

Your driver turns to ask if you are sure you wish to go to the Cecil. You never met such a stupid man! But once there, no imposing person in livery comes to open the taxi door and welcome you. Instead, your business is somewhat violently questioned by a woman in a sort of ulster, and you're told something about govern-

ment offices, "Then take a dignity, and his lips."

You have St. Ermine is

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December 29, 1917

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ment offices, and you mutter the name of the next hotel that comes to your mind. "Then take me to the Metropole," you say, trying hard not to blush and lose your dignity, and you lean back before the driver can ask you the question that looks near his lips.

You have a repetition of bad luck. Metropole, Victoria, Grand, St. Ermine—St. Ermine is forbidding with signs of "NATIONAL SERVICE"—and, in desperation, you finally appeal to that wretched driver.

"If you've just come to London, Miss," he has the audacity to suggest, "it's my advice you'd better go to the police station; I can run you there straight away, Miss."

"Is the Carlton still a hotel?" you indignantly ask.

"Yes, Miss."

"Then drive me to the Carlton at once."

A woman opens the door to you; another woman seizes your bag and quite adequately carries it. At the desk strange papers are pushed forward, which you must sign. Giving your age is the least of your troubles. Your passport. The visé. The police. Your chauffeur was right; you may not have a bed until you register with the police.

You may as well give up trying to be a tourist. With an authorized purpose, approved by our Mr. Lansing and the British consul-general in New York, sanctioned by the immigration-officials and the prying military—that is your only way. Otherwise, you would have to drop into England—literally drop. Then, from daylight until nightfall, she would be yours, her sights freely yours, her shops at your disposal, and with very little change of price and very little change of attractiveness. It would simply be that, when you came to understand, you would find that you were on your honor, as is every woman in England, not to purchase merely for the pleasure of shopping.

As a tourist, so long as the smoky grey buildings



and the drab brick buildings of London are outlined against the evening sky, so long London belongs to you, who entered it with such irregularity; but, when the silent night army comes to watch over the city, you will find no place to sleep. America would not have let a "tourist" leave American territory; England would not let a "tourist" enter English territory; you would have to go as you came.

It comes to this. London, however enticing, is a closed city to pleasure-seekers—except to soldiers on leave and soldiers recovering from damages in France. People live in London and smile in London—but they are all working in London. And, as the men have gradually gone to fight for London, their places have been taken by a new race of workers—by women.

Not that there are no men. But the men are here only because their places cannot be filled, or because they are disabled or over age. Police, postmen, motor-drivers, clerks, secretaries, conductors on the busses and conductors in the tubes, ticket-collectors, hostlers—as many as can be spared have gone, or are in training to go, to the front. Now there are, among the policemen, many policewomen; among the postmen, postwomen. I dined tonight with a woman motor-driver for the Royal Flying Corps; last night I dined with the commandant-in-chief of a huge organization of women-workers—an organization with 80,000 women in uniform, all voluntarily bound to the rigid rules of their order. Clerks in banks, in the ministry of munitions, in the foreign office, conductors on the busses and conductors in the tubes, ticket-collectors, remount-women, who groom and exercise their allotted number of horses—these are, in large measure, women, not to speak of the women employed by the new industries brought about directly by the war—nursing, munition-work, canteen-work.

It is England's necessity that has brought about the transformation, but her necessity spiritually as much as economically. What of us?

A not unknown American, who has been in a position to see the transformation, said to me the other day:

"The world had never realized the stuff women were made of until these women were tried—almost beyond human endurance. And look at them! Frail women that had ailments which kept them running to doctors; ladies, who never had been inside their own kitchens; mothers, who had never thought of anything but their own children—all working, with the steadiness of men, at the tasks set them, not choosing motor-driving when filing letters was of more use to their country, but doing unmurmuringly what they are asked to do, even in their deepest sorrow when they receive that worst news from the war office. Englishwomen have never learned to speak out like American women; I mean, to speak unrestrainedly, or to think unrestrainedly. Even now I doubt if they know what a marvelous change they have brought about.

"Nor did the world realize how much frail women can do. I have seen them undertake tasks that made me tremble, and they have stuck to them—not for one month or two months, which they might do in a spirit of excitement or enthusiasm, but for six months, for a year, for two years, and they are still sticking."

"The Germans did not reckon on the women they had to fight," I remarked.

"There are the German women, too," he said. "They are doing their share of fighting—but I think they are forced; here it is voluntary and probably more intelligent. It makes all the difference in the spirit."

"Will our women do as well?"

"Better, I think—in the end. When they understand just what lies ahead of them; for they've had an easier life than Englishwomen; they've more stamina, and just as much courage. I've seen our nurses as they came through London, with the look on their faces that means: 'We'll see it through'. The things America stands for have not made weaklings of American women."

Germany Breaks Faith With Russia

By CHARLTON BATES STRAYER

THE German method of war is equally ruthless whether on land or sea or by guileful diplomacy. The character of the peace terms proposed to Russia ought to convince even a Russian Socialist of the hollowness of Germany's pretensions that she favored the Russian formula—"No annexations, no indemnities." Germany's method of dealing with the simple-minded Russians is shown in the instructions given to the German representatives intrusted with conducting the truce negotiations. They were told to have at their tongue's end the favorite Russian phrases: Universal democratic peace, and peace without annexations and contributions. The element of humor appears in the injunction to receive with open arms the Russian delegates who would probably offer to kiss them, accompanied with the admonition—"The Fatherland demands this sacrifice of the negotiators."

Having led the Bolsheviks on until Russia had become disorganized and temporarily impotent, Germany shows her support of the no-annexation policy by demanding that Russia surrender about 120,000 square miles of territory, embracing a population of between twenty and thirty millions. In the way of indemnity Germany demands control of the Russian wheat crop for fifteen years after the close of the war and the admission henceforth of German manufactures into Russia free of duty. Another humiliating condition is that the guns of the Russian Baltic fleet be dismounted as a guarantee that they would not be used against Germany. Roumania, compelled to accept a truce, is to be forced to accept a king of Teuton choosing. Austria is also to receive the northern shores of the Black Sea. If Germany can put through such a scheme, she will have realized a large part of her ambitions for expansion.

With her ambitious schemes realized on the eastern and Balkan fronts, Germany would then be ready to turn, with numerical superiority, to the western front and make the supreme effort of the war to beat down France before America is ready in force. Successful in this, France would receive the same sort of no-annexation proposals as those just offered to Russia. Assuming that Germany will not be so successful as this, should she be able to convince Britain and France that the war is destined to be a permanent stalemate on the western front, she would then be

(Continued on page 914)



First Aid nursing yeomanry with their ambulances. These women now operate ambulances between many hospitals in France and England.

Mount Lassen in Eruption

Exclusive photograph from DAVID LOVE



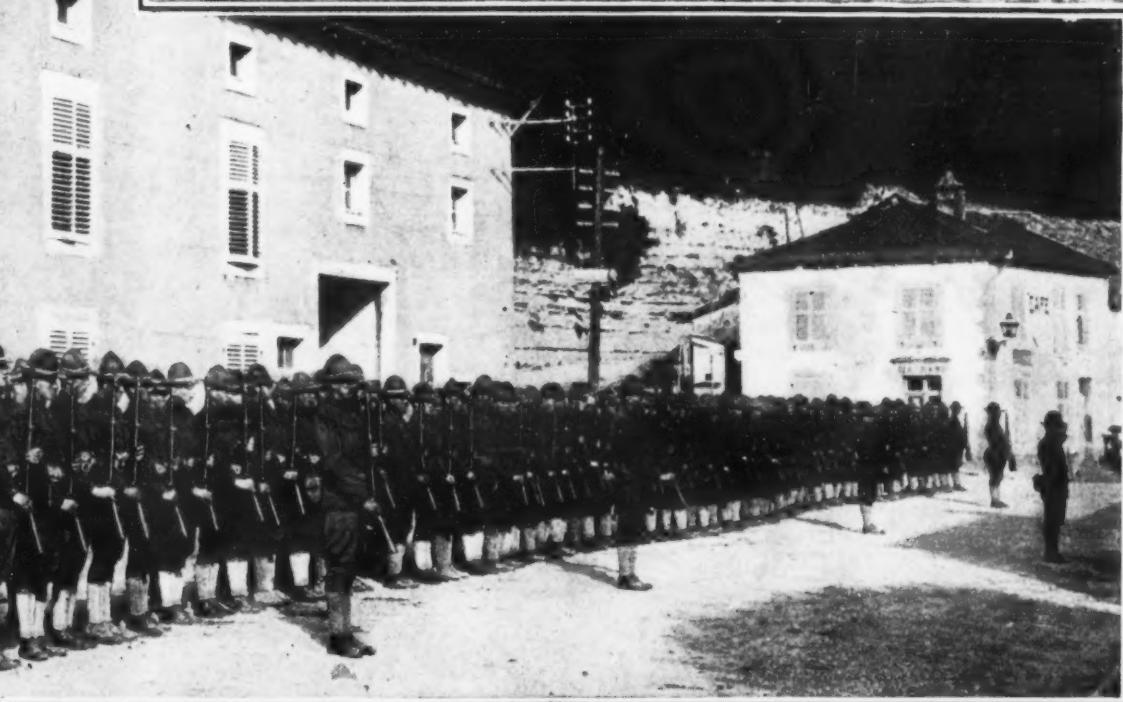
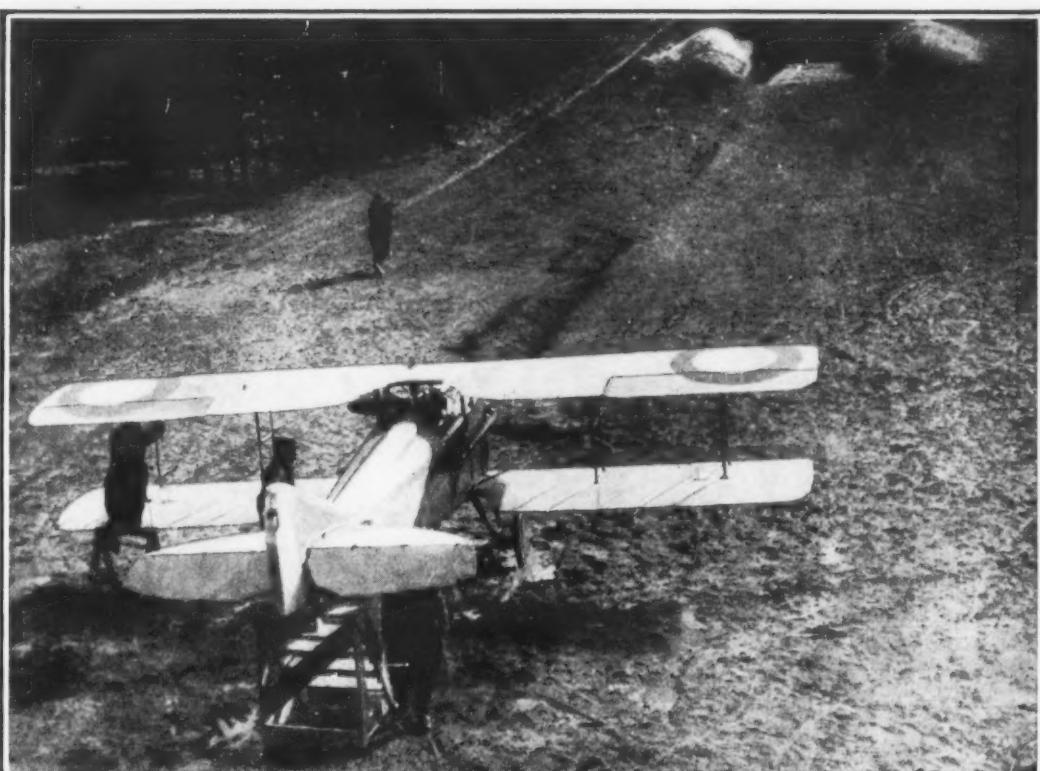
The most active volcano in North America for the past two years is Mount Lassen, situated in Shasta County, northern California, about two hundred and fifty miles north of San Francisco. After a long period of comparative inaction, the California Vesuvius on May 22, 1915, belched forth again with great impetuosity. In the latter part of February, 1917, a cloud of steam and sulphur-vapor was shot into the air to a height, accurately measured by an nephoscope, of four miles above the summit of the mountain. This was accompanied by occasional showers of volcanic ash and rocks. The great mass hung over the mountain like a cloud for several hours until it was wafted down the Sacramento valley by the wind. The mass of smoke reached such a great height that it could be seen from the towns and settlements in the surrounding country for a long distance. Mount Lassen rises 10,577 feet above the level of the sea. It is situated on the eastern slope of the Cascade Range and on the edge of a lava bed that extends to the north, east and south to the extent of some 250,000 square miles. During the eruption of May 22, 1915, the heat from the ejected material melted the snow and caused mighty floods to pour down the mountain side. This raised the waters in the streams from 10 to 30 feet. The rocks and mud gained such momentum that much of them was driven far up the slopes of the surrounding hills. The tremendous flood carried with it trees, boulders, and in fact everything that lay in its path. The United States forest fire service had a lookout station near the summit of the mountain. Fortunately it was too early in the season for it to be occupied by the rangers. The building was completely demolished, not anything of it or its site being left. Many of the rocks that were emitted from the crater were very large. One boulder which was rolled for a distance of two miles measured 15 feet in diameter. It was estimated to weigh over 60 tons and was hot enough to ignite a match. The trees and all plant life for a vast area were killed by the heat and the branches and leaves were scorched as if swept by a forest fire. Mount Lassen has all the features of a real volcano except that it does not emit molten lava. As geologists count time, Lassen produced the molten material a million years or so ago. But the product of Mount Lassen today is vast volumes of steam, laden with sulphuric smoke, rocks of every conceivable shape and size, and fine volcanic dust. It is possible that Lassen may still wind up by blowing its head off, or by opening its crater and pouring out a flood of lava.

Along the Front

Photographs from F. W. ZINN

TESTING THE MACHINE GUN OF AN AIRPLANE

The machine gun on a fighting plane is as important as the motor and almost as complicated. At high altitudes the reduced air pressure and the cold seriously effects its action. During a long flight the gun must be fired at intervals to make sure it is in working order, ready for emergencies. The unavoidable shock of landing is apt to throw the gun out of alignment so its accuracy must be tested every few days. The machine is blocked upon an even keel with the gun carefully sighted on a target. A few shots are fired and the necessary adjustments are made. Part of the test must be made with the motor running. The perfect machine gun for airplanes is still to be invented. The Maxim, used by the Germans, and the Vickers, used by the Allies, are both too heavy, and the Lewis many believe does not have a sufficiently large cartridge capacity. (The drums can be changed in a few seconds, but it is in that few seconds that the enemy will get in his good work.) The interrupter mechanism, which permits shooting through the propeller arc, can not be applied to the Lewis, so if this gun is used on a single seater it must be placed on the top plane, a very poor arrangement. The Lewis serves chiefly as an "observer's gun" in the movable turret behind. The Germans are testing out a new gun, supposedly a Danish invention, which is claimed to surpass everything else in the field. This gun is not yet in use on the front.



The stone construction of the French buildings makes them fairly warm for billeting soldiers, particularly as the winters there are not excessively cold, except in Alsace and the Vosges. The civilian inhabitants are always very agreeable, and their kitchen fires—there are no others—are always at the disposal of the soldiers quartered there. It is not a bad system nor a bad life. Hundreds of men can find rest and comfort in a remarkably small space. A village of a hundred people can easily provide for 1000 men and their train. The company seen above is billeted in the houses in the background.

The shells for a 14-inch gun are too heavy to be handled by hand. The gunners are on the carriage and do the loading while the gun is being hauled back into position. An experienced, well-drilled crew can get a shot over every three minutes. "Railroad guns," such as this, must not be confused with what are called "armoured trains." These trains have smaller-sized guns—usually 6-inch or less—mounted so they can be swung in any direction. They can be used on any standard-gauge railroad. Guns such as those shown here are solidly fixed to the trucks, the muzzle can be raised or lowered, but can not be moved horizontally. In other words, the line of fire is always parallel to the track. They can be transported over ordinary railroads, but the gun position must be of track laid out on specially calculated curves. By changing the position on the curve the gun can be made to shoot in different directions.



War Holds Tra American S



© NEWHAR AND BROWN & DAWSON
A cubist picture of Hawaii that looks as if the earth just had a hair-cut or a clean shave. Now, you know what makes pineapples taste so sweet—they grow so neatly. Pineapples are one of Hawaii's chief articles of commerce as well as diet. Over 24,000,000 cans of pineapples are put up each year, and the pineapple export forms about 25% of Hawaii's commerce.

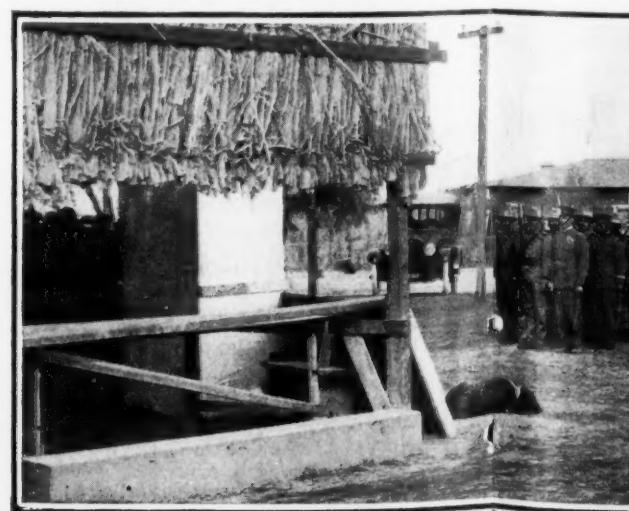


The bizarre and primitive always piques the interest of the traveler. Before the war, he sought the unique in North Africa, forgetting that in our own hemisphere he could find as quaint and picturesque peoples and customs as ever existed in the Old World. South America is as yet an unexplored land. Some of its strangest peoples are found in Bolivia, where descendants of the Incas lend a picturesque touch to the most "elevated" capital city in the world.

BROWN & DAWSON
Nothing east of India vies with Havana for colorfulness. The sapphire sky and deep-blue sea but accentuate the pale blues, pinks, lavenders and yellows of the houses along the Malecon Drive. Across the channel is historic Cabanas fortress. Here tourists eagerly follow the guide, who charges less than guides in other foreign lands. Cuba is foreign—as uninfluenced by American civilization as though it were thousands of miles across the sea.



The war has deprived the tourist of the opportunity to visit "old countries" on our attention other old countries and peoples that were ancient when Europe gressed little with the flight of time. Here we see some of the Indians of the weavers. In these days of dye shortage and uncertainty of colors the original Americans for secrets in fabric coloring that beat even the G

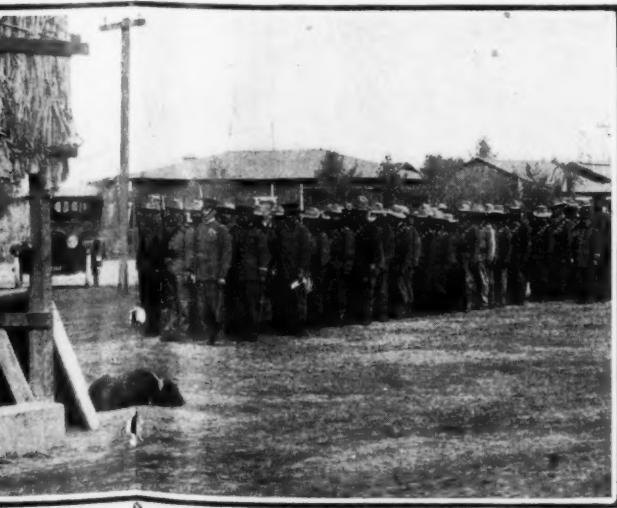


A touch of foreign civilization knocking at our very doors, just across the border, in Mexico. Tia Juana is of perennial interest to the visitor to So much indeed who does not make the trip. Here is a picture of a party of each month the Governor of Lower California personally meets and interviews employee of the government.

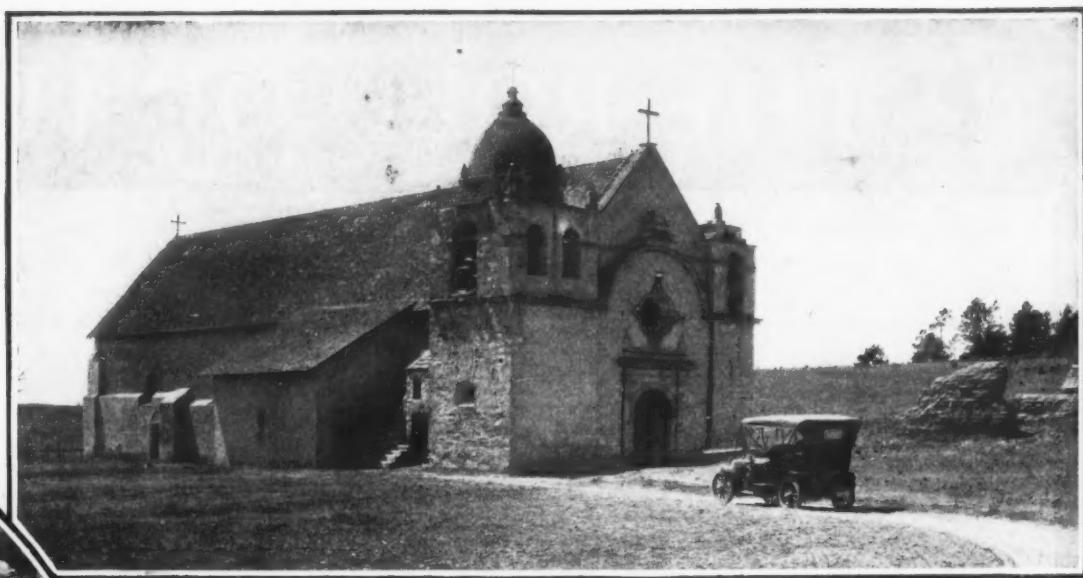
leads Travelers to American Shores



NEWMAN AND BROWN & DAWSON
portunity to visit "old countries" and study their peoples, but it has forced peoples that were ancient when Europe's history began. And they have pro-
we see some of the Indians of the Southwest—the Navajos—at their primi-
tage and uncertainty of colors the modern American might well turn to the
bric coloring that beat even the Germans, the dye experts of the world.



NEWMAN AND BROWN & DAWSON
king at our very doors, just across the border from San Diego, California, interest to the visitor to Southern California, and he has missed the trip. Here is a picture of a peculiar Mexican custom. On the first California personally meets and converses in private with each military employee of the government.

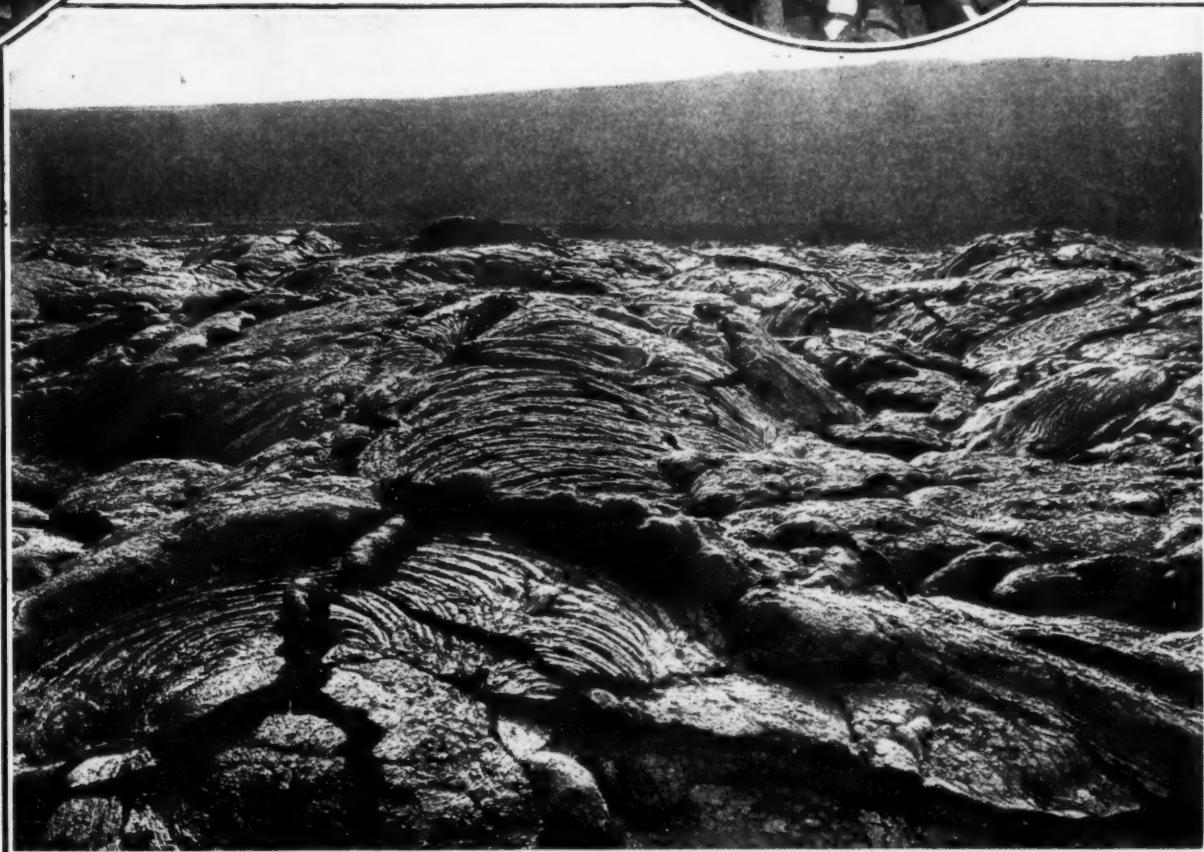


BROWN BROS.
The reminders of the early history of California, of the days of
among the most picturesque in the California of today. The
portant a place in the early development of the Golden State

the old Spanish régime, are
missions that held so im-
are quaint links between
the present and the past.



PHOTO CHAPIN FROM BROWN BROS.
Key West has not been re-
garded as a tourist city, but
for the observant traveler
eager to learn of his own
land rather than indulge in
mere pursuit of pleasure,
Key West is full of interest.
Its wharves are lined with
the wooden ships that
the war has revived, and
the water-edge of this island
city is a jumble of spars and
masts only duplicated in
a few other places in Amer-
ica. The sponge gatherer in
his weird-looking diving
suit always attracts the at-
tention of the landsman.



NEWMAN AND BROWN & DAWSON
Flowers and fruits, balmy air, clear skies and sunny seas are
not the only attractions to lure the tourist to the Paradise
of the Pacific. Hawaii stands alone in the unique possession
of the only always-active volcano, Kilaeua. The lava formation
pictured above is an angry, boiling mass, that at times belches

forth steam and livid flame, and becomes so active that great
geysers of the hot lava are shot high in air. In the greatest
recent activity of the volcano, which scientists say is con-
nected by subterranean channels with Vesuvius and Aetna,
the boiling mass overflowed the crater.

THE ROLL OF HONOR



COURTESY RAIN



LITTAUER



INTERNATIONAL FILM

Many seem to think that an ambulance driver's position is a bed of roses compared with the fighting man's. But judging from the number of drivers who have been cited for bravery, their work can not be entirely free from danger. The latest to be cited for coolness and bravery while removing the wounded under fire is Preston Gibson, the American playwright of Washington, who displayed valor at the battle of St. Quentin and on the Aisne front.

Kenneth Proctor Littauer, whose poems under the name of Paul Proctor, have appeared in *LESLIE'S* from time to time, has made a conspicuous record for gallantry and bravery in action. He has been decorated by both the French and Belgians. The picture above shows him being decorated for signal service to his command. The ceremony took place in front of one of the aviation hangars.



HARRIS & TEVES



HARRIS & TEVES

Three attempts were made to sink the destroyer *Jacob Jones*, the largest ship of its class in the United States Navy, and in the third attempt the ship was lost. In February she was reported sinking and her distress signals were answered by the steamship *Philadelphia*. The second attempt was made a few days later.

On Thursday night, December 6th, the destroyer was torpedoed in the North Atlantic, and received such a destructive blow she went to the bottom quickly, with a loss of between sixty and seventy lives, constituting our greatest single casualty list since we entered the war. Lieutenant Commander David Worth Bagley, brother-in-law of Secretary Daniels (to the left above), and 1st Lieutenant John K. Richards (to the right), were senior officers saved. Commander Bagley is a brother of Worth Bagley, the only naval officer killed in the Spanish War.



WRIGHT

Ninety-five years old and doing her bit is the enviable record of Mrs. Thomas Edwards, of Oberlin, Ohio, who, it is said, is the oldest woman in the United States to plant and care for a war garden. She did all the work except the plowing and canned enough of the products of her garden to send a basketful to each of her sons, grandsons and great grandsons. Now she is eagerly waiting for spring to begin the good work over again.



CENTRAL NEWS

A sad but a proud day was that on which the King of England decorated these women. They received the country's honors due their husbands and sons for gallantry in action. The unfortunate men did not live to receive the gratitude of their sovereign, so their next of kin took their places.



DARLINGTON

One of America's champion knitters is Miss Josephine Warren, 19 years old, of Des Moines, Iowa, a student of Drake University. Her speed record was won for 79 stitches, straight knitting, a minute, and 40 stitches of purling. The average knitter probably maintains a speed of about 25 straight stitches a minute. Miss Warren has been knitting for years and the result of her labor has kept many a man comfortable in the trenches.



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MAJOR MILTON MANDEL

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Dr. Milton Mandel, assistant professor of medicine at Northwestern University and a member of the staff of Mercy Hospital, Chicago, offered his services to Uncle Sam when war was declared. He received the commission of major and was made Medical Director of Northwestern University Hospital Unit No. 12 which reached France in the early summer. The Unit, which has charge of a twenty-two-hundred bed hospital, is now known as U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 12 and is located "Somewhere in France." The following letters were written by Major Mandel during this summer and fall.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE," JUNE 14.
We arrived at our Base Hospital last Monday evening about 10 P.M. and it was still daylight.

Tuesday I made rounds with Captain Oust, the English Medical Director, in order to get acquainted with the cases; the peculiarities that arise as a result of war conditions, etc.

JUNE 16.

I am writing this letter in my tent. It is frightfully hot and we have dispensed with our coats and are going about our business in brown shirts with our various insignia attached. This is not permissible in the British army, but is encouraged by our army regulations.

Our food here in camp is plentiful, wholesome and very much better than we expected. We have taken over the mess (the British officers have left) and we shall soon introduce real "American Eats."

JUNE 22.

We expected to find a five-hundred-bed hospital; instead we find ourselves in charge of one having the capacity of twenty-two hundred beds. The hospital is made up of huge tents, each one accommodating from fifty to sixty patients.

The officers and enlisted men live in tents and the nurses are housed in huts or long wooden dormitories. Work is picking up; we have not had many very sick or seriously wounded, which speaks well for the ability of General Haig. My work consists of supervision of those under me and consultation on all cases handled by the surgical side.

AUGUST 2.

At last we realize what war is, how horrible, terrible and devastating it is! The awful waste and unnecessary sorrow.

By the time this reaches you, you will know about the "push" that started early this P.M. The convoys are coming in fast, but to date the casualties are small considering the immensity of the undertaking.

The spirit of the wounded is wonderful. They don't speak of their wounds but talk to us and their comrades of their part in the combat; how they went "over the top" with a whoop; of Fritz's feeble resistance; and pour unstinted praise on their officers and allies. One of our wounded was dressing a German prisoner, when suddenly the German pulled a revolver and killed four English soldiers and seriously wounded our patient.

The morale of the British trooper is wonderful. Although he has been in the game nearly three years, he is as keen as ever to get the Boches. The proverbial English tenacity is at its height.

The British civilian has learned to reconcile himself to suffering and sacrifice. When a patient is seriously ill it is customary to call the parents or nearest relative to the bedside. Transportation

The Life of an Army Surgeon Behind the Lines

Letters from the Front

Pilot's Luck



This is the sum of the Airman's need,
"Twixt Heaven and landing-ground.
These are the gifts that will help him aloft
Wherever his work is found.
A heart beating true at two miles high,
A breast that will find its breath
In frozen mist or a cloud of gas,
And nerves that will race with Death.
An ear to hear when his motor's bad,
An eye to watch for the Hun,
A hand that will balance a 'plane in the air,
With a finger to spare for the gun.

But the gift he will value as much as his pluck,
And needs must rely on, is—Pilot's Luck!

II

When a shadow comes speeding across the sky
And he hears the sharp tac-a-tac
Of the foeman that swoops from an empty sky
And is shooting down at his back;
When the canvas is flying in tattered flicks,
Like feathers shot from his wing,
And the steering gear all at once becomes
A slow and a senseless thing;
When the oil-tank is bleeding its life away
And the motor is getting too hot,
And he thinks the next bullet will reach his
heart,
If the next bullet ever is shot;

When the enemy's mitrailleuse is stuck—
This is the marvel called Pilot's Luck.

III

When he's flown for three hours directing the
guns,
And the gas gauge registers ten—
Ten litres of gas to regain his camp,
And the mist is rising again.
When he can't judge distance, direction, or
height,
And the sun has set long ago,
And he hates to believe that his compass is
right
For there's nothing but forests below;
When his motor dies out and he's forced to
come down
And he aims for an open field,
When he dodges a town, a wall, and a ditch
And lands with a broken wheel—

The canal's at two yards from the place he
struck;
This is the marvel of Pilot's Luck!

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Dabney Horton is a sergeant pilot in the French aviation service.

and keep are paid by the government and lodgings is furnished by the Y. M. C. A.

We have with us at this time a mother of four soldier

sons, one of them in our hospital. The mother doesn't make a whimper. She is not an educated woman, but one of those good sweet souls who hope for the best but are prepared for the worst. They say she is typical of the women of France and England.

AUGUST 4.

We have been extremely busy for ninety-six hours and although we have handled a tremendous number of cases, it is gratifying to realize that a very large percentage of them will be back in the line in a few weeks.

The resistance of the hardened troops is tremendous; pain and suffering must be intense to produce even a whimper. They are tired and dead for sleep, but a few days of rest puts them in a cheerful state of mind.

It is high time that we are in the mix-up. We have wallowed in wealth and as a result have gotten soft, lazy and thoroughly satisfied with ourselves. After we have bled a bit, hardened our muscles and endured the hardships of our allies, we will be a full-grown nation and American citizenship will be envied by the rest of the world.

AUGUST 6.

What a blessing it will be when this awful thing terminates. Major Besley and I went to the town of "X" today. All men of military age are in uniform and judging by the women we see the national color of France is black. How she has fought and bled!

Next spring our papers will publish casualty lists. It is a wicked thing and the toll will be terrific; but the utter defeat of the Germans and the principles for which they stand will be well worth the price, whatever it may be.

The women of France are splendid; they are running trolley cars, collecting and distributing mail, working in munition factories, and today we saw them working as section hands on the railroads.

Some pessimists say that France is done, but I will never believe it. A people who can fight, suffer and endure as they have done and still smile will positively "come back."

AUGUST 13.

Saturday, Major Besley, some nurses, ten of our enlisted men and I were "gassed." Doesn't it sound dreadful? We were dressed for the occasion; we put on gas helmets that were issued to us and then entered a gas chamber at one of the huge training camps located near us. We knew when the gas was turned in, but the masks worked so perfectly that we were not conscious of any discomfort. Later they allowed us to stick our noses in without the masks, just to see what it is like.

Before we get through with this dreadful war, we will have raised an army of several millions, and every American family will be contributing some one. Later it may be necessary to utilize every man who can shoulder a gun or wield a shovel.

You folks at home have no idea of the magnitude of this undertaking. Have our people awakened to the fact that we are at war? If they haven't, they will as soon as the papers begin to publish lists of dead, sick, wounded and missing. War is a business proposition on a tremendous scale and England is conducting her end of it most efficiently.

Yesterday Doctor S., Captain Dale of our unit, a nurse and an orderly were sent to a casualty clearing station. They constitute a surgical team and will be away probably several weeks. The clearing stations are near the fighting line and receive the patients from the field ambulances which are very close to the line.

Later when the convoys arrive here, the stretcher cases are sent to the wards and bathed; the ambulatories go to the shower baths. The clothes are immediately sent to the disinfecting plants and later most of them are "scrapped."

(Continued on page 907)

Troops of Friends for Troops

By ROY MASON

AT a dinner for 160 men in the Methodist Church of Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y., this month, every alternate man wore the khaki of the United States Army, and was the guest of the church member on his left. The girls and women of the church waited on table. The eighty hosts had paid a dollar each and received eighty guest tickets. They sent them to W. A. Waterman of the War Camp Community Service who turned them over to the captain of an infantry company at Camp Upton near Patchogue. The captain handed them to eighty of his men who were personally introduced to their hosts by Mr. Waterman when they came to the dinner. Ten of the enlisted men who had been on the stage furnished the "talent" for the occasion. The question occurs to one whether the affair was not rather stiff. At its conclusion the enlisted men gave three cheers for the church, three cheers for the men of the church, and three cheers for the cook. The affair was not stiff. The soldiers promised to come again, if they could come, before they sailed for France.

On Thanksgiving Day this year 40,000 enlisted men were entertained at dinner in private homes, in the armories and in public buildings in New York City. More than 400,000 were so entertained throughout the country. This was not a detached incident on a national holiday, because every Sunday as many soldiers as can get leave and are willing to come are entertained at dinner by the citizens of these United States. The question occurs to one whether such entertainments are not rather stilted and embarrassing to the young enlisted man. A letter, written by a young soldier at Quantico, Va., to a Washington woman who entertained him, in company with other soldiers, at Sunday dinner, read in part as follows:

"My visit at your home last week was such a pleasure to me I feel I can express it no better than by saying it was almost like a visit home. I will always remember your kindness in taking into your home strangers that longed for just such a homelike place. You people probably will never know just how much these visits mean to us and how much we appreciate them. Will drop you a card or, if possible, a letter when we get 'over there,' and will always remember your kindness and also those good hot muffins."

The following conversation between one of our new soldiers and a young woman took place in a small community close to one of our large training camps:

"Ain't you ashamed of being seen walking with a soldier?"

"No. I'm very proud of it."

"They told me back home that you'd be ashamed, that I'd never know anyone decent near camp."

"I was properly introduced to you by the chaperone at the community dance."

"How's that—properly introduced?"

"Just as if your mother did it."

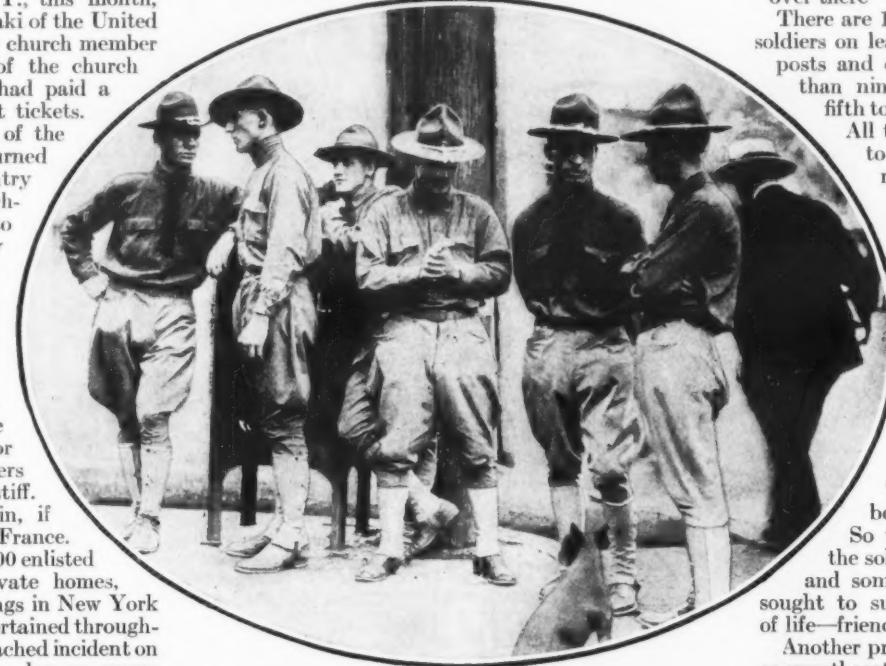
"Oh, I see. She's coming here soon. I'd like her to meet you. Only I'm worried about where she'll live."

"Give me her name and I'll see that she's met at the station, gets proper lodgings, and sees you as soon as you're off duty again."

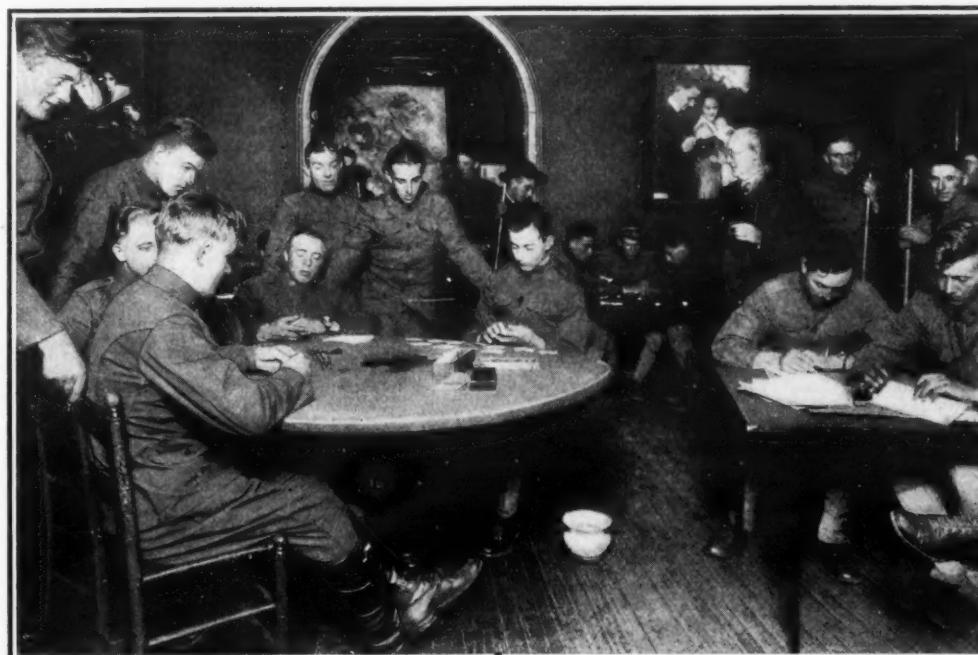
"You're awful kind."

All of the foregoing was brought about by the War Camp Community Service. When somewhere near a million young men for the army and navy of the United States were suddenly called away from home and separated from all their home ties, Secretary of War Baker and Secretary of the Navy Daniels saw that something must be done for them besides giving them military training. The young American man is not an automaton. He is sensitive to his environment. The War and Navy Departments were too busy giving each of these inexperienced young officers and men military instruction to complicate their task by taking care of

Pictures from War Camp Community Service



When an army of 40,000 men goes into training there are thousands of soldiers off duty for hours at a time. Until the War Camp Community Service started its good work of providing entertainment for the men outside of camp there was little else for the boys to do but hold down street corners.



The men of the new armies are a recognized and welcome part of the community life in the centers surrounding the various cantonments and camps. Here is a soldiers' club provided by one town near a National Army cantonment.

his leisure time activities. Therefore they each appointed a civilian Commission on Training Camp Activities, and made Raymond B. Fosdick chairman of both.

This joint Commission took measures to provide the soldiers with wholesome occupations and healthy diversions inside and outside the camps when they weren't busy learning to be good soldiers. The points of greatest danger to the morale and health of the soldier on leave are the communities just outside the great training camps. The question was how the non-combatant population was going to treat the soldier, and what the attitude of the soldier was going to be toward the civilian. All this is not a matter of dinners—there is plenty of good "chow" in camp—but a matter of friendliness. It is important that our enlisted man should go into the trenches full of the conviction that the people at home,

the people he is fighting for, the people who sent him "over there" are whole-heartedly behind him.

There are 175 communities within easy reach of the soldiers on leave from our ninety-odd training camps, posts and cantonments. The populations of more than ninety per cent. of these range from one-fifth to one-tenth of those of the adjacent camps.

All the work to be done in these communities to make them wholesome and healthy resorts for the soldiers on leave has been assigned by the Fosdick Commissions to the War Camp Community Service. The program planned by this Service will cost \$3.00 each a year for every enlisted man. Four million dollars are being raised in 5,000 communities throughout the United States to carry out its plans. One of the problems confronting the War Camp Community Service was how to keep the hundreds of thousands of young men in khaki on leave from camp from devoting their leisure time to leaning up against lamp-posts.

This is not a stimulating diversion, and besides there were not enough lamp-posts. So those in charge of the work decided that the soldier on leave must have somewhere to go and something to do when he got there. They sought to supply him with two essential normalities of life—friends and occupation.

Another problem was what on earth his mother, wife, or sweetheart would do, where she would sleep and live and eat, if she tried to spend a few days near the dear one who was so soon to go away perhaps forever. But the best way to show just how the War Camp Community Service works is to weld a composite letter from a hundred thousand boys in khaki to a hundred thousand anxious parents, sweethearts and wives. This letter was never written as a whole. Much of it is in the files at the headquarters of the movement in Washington. Much more of it is in desks and trunks and bureau drawers, or carried around as a precious thing, in the thousands of homes to which the letters were sent. Various sections of this composite letter read:

"I was on leave for the first time today, and gee! but it was hot. I rode over to the town, on a big motor lorry. I thought I'd choke with thirst and the dust before I could get a drink. The crowd before the drug-store and the only hotel was fifty deep. Then I saw a sign with a hand on it pointing. It said: 'Drinking Fountain.' I went in the direction it said and found a kind of wooden fountain spouting water from dozens of pipes. It has been installed since we got here, and believe me I hit one of those pipes."

"It was great to have you here for a week. You will feel better now that you have seen how it all is, how we are fed and what we eat and everything. I was

up against it for fair when I got your telegram, but I found that the fellow in the Information Office in town had a list of places to sleep, and could get a meal ticket at that big new wooden restaurant. Those people you lived with were certainly mighty nice and kind. If I come back I'm going to see them again sometime."

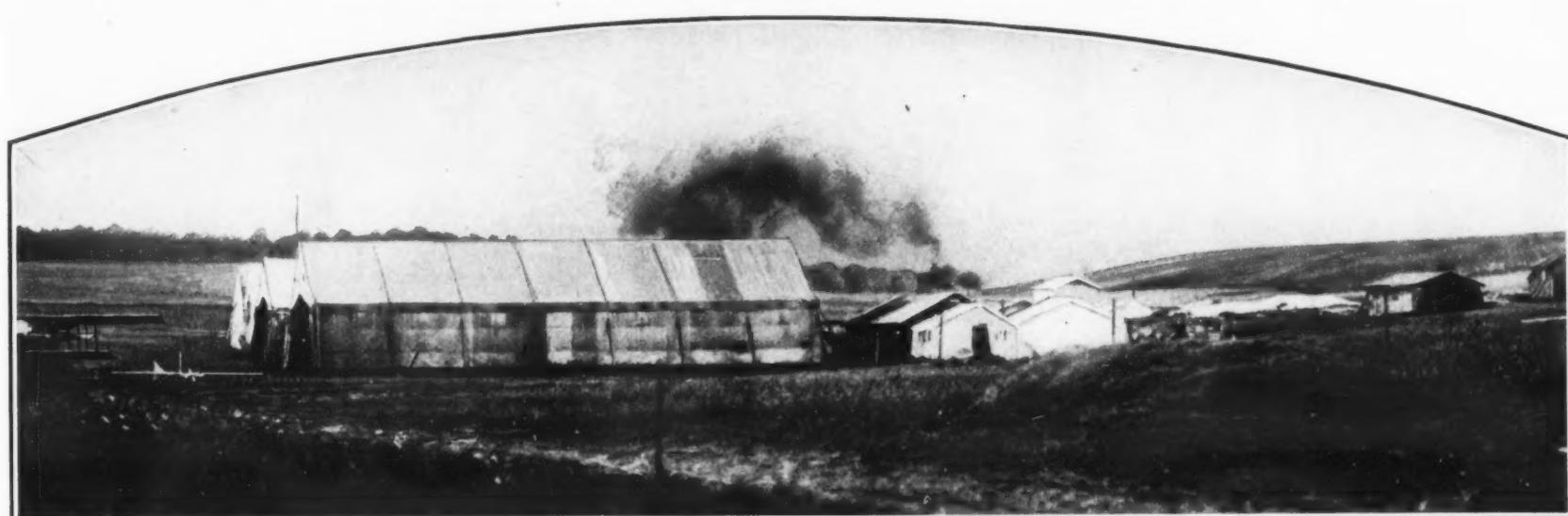
"I had an experience today that showed me that the people in this town are certainly with us and for us. I came down here on leave. It isn't much of a town, but there is a new section that has sprung up since we came here which isn't a good place to go. Several of our fellows who went there have had cause to be sorry since. Well, I wandered into town looking for some of the fellows, and I started off in the direction of that new section. I was just lonely. I passed a church on the way, and a man leaning up against the gate said to me:

"Say, kid, there are a lot of fellows in the basement listening to our phonograph. Would you like to hear some music?"

"That's all I wanted to know. I went in and listened
(Continued on page 914)

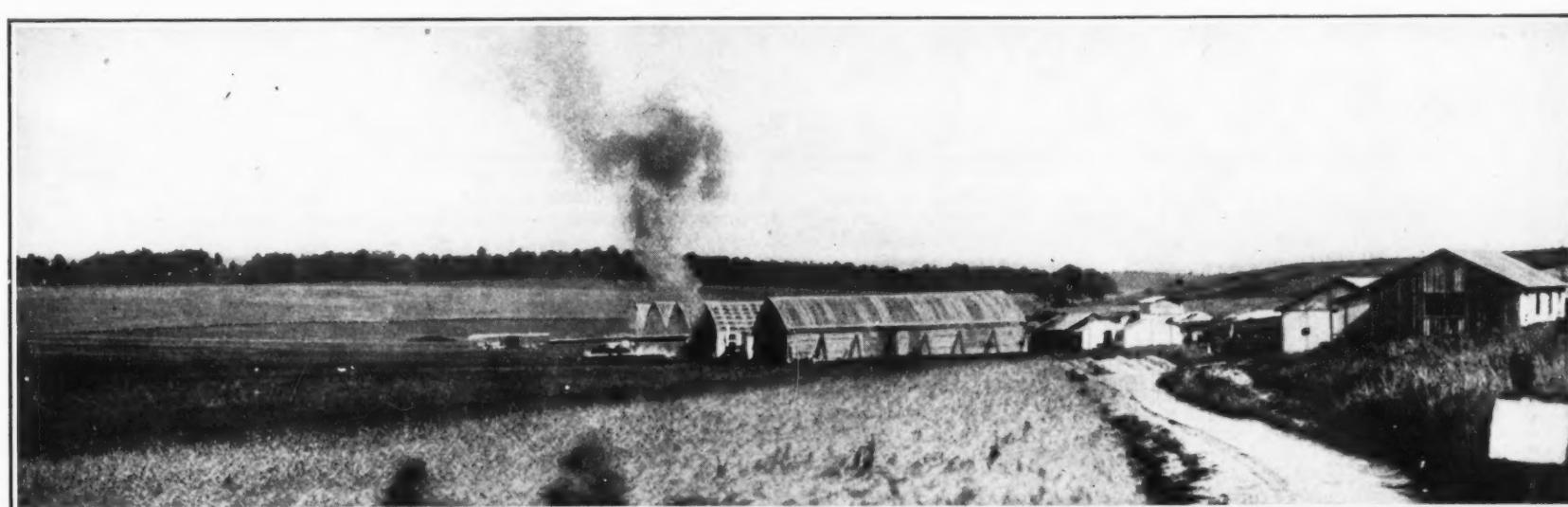
Shelling the Hangars

Exclusive Photographs from F. W. ZINN, *Special Correspondent*, taken under Shell Fire at an Aviation Camp



The unusual photographs on this page tell the story of a bombardment which nearly wiped out an aviation section. How different from one's preconceived idea of a bombardment is this quiet "rural" scene with only the puffs from the exploding shells to give an atmosphere of war. The most interesting feature of this shelling was that the

shelling was blind, as the battery was not controlled from airplanes. Considering this and the fact that the range was over 11 miles those under fire considered it good work. It was pure luck that the hangars were not destroyed. Photographs taken in airplanes gave the Germans material for their artillery calculations.



This shell touched the edge of the hangar and exploded before it struck the ground. That is why there was no column of dirt thrown up. "These pictures were all taken dur-

ing the early part of the bombardment," writes Mr. Zinn. "When the commandant came down he fired us off the field where we would be in less danger."



"These were only 9-inch shells, but they were big enough to make quite a racket," writes Mr. Zinn. "Notice the little group of men standing near the barrack. They thought they were protected by the hill there, but the next shell struck the road, demolishing the water-cart seen in the picture. All lost no time in moving out of that corner."

Though even at 11 miles it is possible to use artillery without airplane control virtually all the heavy guns are directed from the air and in the case of the heavy 320 millimeters railroad guns airplane control is virtually a necessity. Had the guns used in this bombardment been so directed, it is unlikely that the hangars would have escaped destruction.

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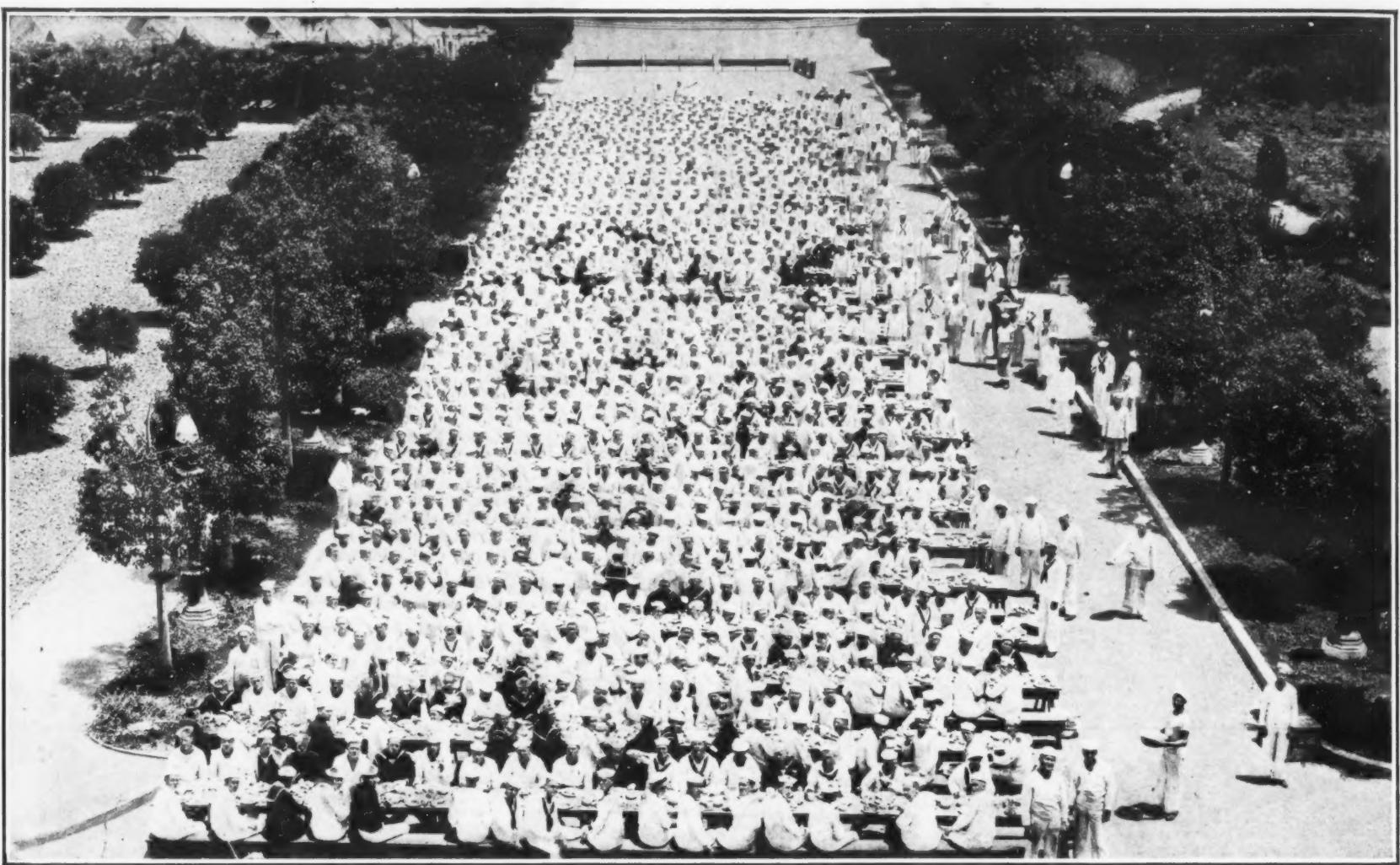


PHOTO BY METZGAR FROM MUR. C. R. MILLER

This is the life! War has some pleasant phases after all. Here are several hundred sailors, in training in the grounds of the San Diego fair, having out-door mess sur-

rounded on all sides by beautiful gardens. No wonder they are affected with appetites that almost defy complying with Mr. Hoover's restrictions.

The Melting Pot

IT is now proposed to have a woman in the British Cabinet.

Nine women were on the Los Angeles jury that recently convicted three pacifists.

A Virginia county judge has just issued a warrant for the Kaiser for disturbing the public peace.

William K. Vanderbilt has contributed \$250,000 to assist wounded and needy Italians in Rome.

The Tokio, Japan, Stock Exchange has made the unit of trading one share, to stimulate speculation.

The Rockefeller Foundation has contributed \$100,000 to the fund for welfare work among Jewish soldiers.

The United States Government will expend \$1,000,000,000 during the coming year in military buildings.

Since the war the number of Jews in Palestine has been reduced two-thirds by hunger, sickness and distress.

A member of the English Parliament has started a movement to prohibit smoking by girls under 21 years of age.

Professor Whipple of the School of Journalism of the University of Virginia has been ousted for unpatriotic utterances.

Ninety-six per cent. of the employees of the Standard Oil Company of California subscribed to the second Liberty Loan.

New York City leads all other cities of the United States in the quota of men and women performing war duties in France.

Nebraska trappers are proclaiming the merits of camouflaged muskrat as better than pig or chicken, if properly seasoned.

More than 3,000 Red Cross nurses are in active service, 2,000 abroad, and they are volunteering at the rate of 1,000 a month.

Eight hundred policemen in Philadelphia recently threatened to strike unless politics was eliminated from the police department.

At the recent Massachusetts local elections, twelve cities voted license and six no license, as against ten no license and eight license last year.

Last year there were 180 strikes in Japan, involving 30,000 workers, compared with 80 strikes, involving 9,000 workers, the year before.

A Philadelphia negro recently brought to a police station 90 slices of bread that he had saved, as his contribution to the conservation of food.

Fifty thousand airplane workers in England recently struck and seriously delayed the construction of airplanes urgently needed for war purposes.

An unknown donor has given \$25,000 toward the \$400,000 fund which the American Bible Society is raising to provide Bibles for our soldiers.

Fifty street cars were wrecked in St. Paul recently by strikers and their sympathizers who stopped the traffic entirely in the downtown business section.

During November, the United States mints coined 77,000,000 pennies, 18,000,000 dimes and 11,000,000 nickels to meet the holiday trade demand.

The president of the International Ladies' Garment Union of New York says that 30,000 expert tailors are out of work and many in destitution in that city.

The big bakers of New York City declare that the war bread baked under the Hoover formula is as costly as the usual loaf, and will sell as high as the latter.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels asked Congress to broaden the present law so as to provide that seamen who are injured while intoxicated shall lose their pay.

New York theater managers have decided to ban benefit performances for war and other charities after New Year's, because of their small profits due to the war.

The Federal Trade Commission has made a complaint against a baking company in New York City for giving away bread, on the ground that it stifles competition.

Two Government inspectors and three hat manufacturing firms in New York have been indicted for conspiring to defraud the Government out of \$3,000,000 on a contract for a million army hats.

President Neilson of Smith College says, "Victory is to be gained, not by denying all virtue to Germany, and so underestimating her power, but by surpassing her in her characteristic points of strength."

A strike over the order of the Public Safety Commission of Minnesota directing the abolition by street car men in St. Paul of union buttons bids fair to spread until it ties up all the transportation in the Northwest.

Miss Rankin, the only woman member of Congress, was defeated for the chairmanship of the Committee on Woman Suffrage and a Democrat from California was selected for the place, as the House is Democratic.

Arthur Guy Empey, the author of "Over the Top," the famous war book, pleads that the ration of rum issued regularly to British and French soldiers, during severe weather, be extended to the American army in the field.

Some of the men doing special work in the rolling mills of the United States Steel Corporation are earning from \$20 to \$30 a day. President Gary says, "these are good men, well satisfied, doing good work and being paid accordingly."

The big increase in the loss of German submarines is said to be due to the American idea of going after the Germans at their bases rather than waiting till they get after our shipping on the high seas. This has broken the nerve of the U-boat crews.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said at a recent dinner of the New York City Baptist Mission that "immersion as a condition for membership in the church is man-made" and that in the church of the future forms and ceremonies will play a minor part.

Assuming that the great war will come to an end this winter, its total cost is figured at \$145,000,000,000, of which Germany and England each would bear \$30,000,000,000, France \$25,000,000,000, Austria \$13,000,000,000 and the United States \$20,000,000,000.

The statement is made in the monthly letter of the Farmers & Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles that the war will cost us more per unit than any other nation and that the cost has been augmented by the country's reliance upon Bryan and his peace pleas during the first two and a half years of the war.

The Federal Trade Commission has compelled the printing ink manufacturers to make an agreement to stop paying commissions on ink and put an end to the use of sand and other substances, by subordinates in printing houses, to prejudice some ink manufacturers and to favor those who give a bonus to grafting employees.

Let the people rule!

Men Who Are Winning the War

(Continued from page 891)

thoroughly mastered the business as a whole and in detail. When Mr. Leggett gave him charge of a little department entitled "Conсерves and Sundry Goods," Whitmarsh had the chance to do what he liked and he made good—within two years he made his the chief department of the business. He struck out boldly beyond the old lines; finding that the firm could make more money if it produced some of the conserves instead of buying them, he induced Mr. Leggett to let him try manufacturing as a side line. He established a factory in King Street, New York, for the packing of conserves and allied products and within no time the venture was returning great profits.

Whitmarsh early saw that a wholesale grocer must be a manufacturer as well as a distributor—that he must have, in at least some lines, more than a brokerage profit. That was a new idea. That saved Leggett & Co., and today very few of the big wholesalers depend solely on a mere handling of goods.

Whitmarsh definitely established himself as a factor in the firm by his management of the conserve department, and in 1896, when he was twenty-seven years old—he had been in the place ten years—the old gentleman took him into the firm. That was the first big event in the boy's life.

The second big event was being elected to the Merchants' Club. Being elected to the Merchants' Club was equivalent to a blue ribbon. The men who counted in the mid-city business activities belonged to the Merchants' Club. But the club held even a higher honor. It had a round table at which the leaders of the inner circle were accustomed to luncheon—such men as F. N. Bacon, Seth Milligan, A. T. Stewart and those other merchants who led in making New York a commercial center. It was a select group and they never invited anyone to sit at their table unless he had "arrived." Whitmarsh was asked to sit in the sacred circle—he had become a real member of the commercial world.

Whitmarsh knew his business thoroughly; he saw its opportunities and its dangers. He grasped that modern trade cannot be carried on under the old rule-of-thumb methods. He became an expert on costs; overcoming a terrific opposition, he revised the whole accounting system of the company so that it would show how, where and when the profit was made. He specialized in manufacturing so as to supplement the tiny jobbing profit. He realized that if a merchant could earn only a small profit on each turn of capital, he must make many turns of capital.

Mr. Leggett opposed the innovations. He liked an individual business—he did not like a concern in which he could not possibly know everything that was going on. A less tactful man than Whitmarsh would have surrendered to the chief owner's objections, but Whitmarsh saw the only road to continued success and he took his uncle, protestingly it is true, along it. Those who know say that the company's present prosperity is due to the fact that this one man—and then comparatively a young man—caught the principles of modern business in advance of competitors.

How did he do it? Perhaps the explanation is to be found in this remark which one of his friends made to me: "Whitmarsh is the sort of a man who can take a position exactly opposite to yours, argue every point of it, and no matter how much you disagree with him, he will have kept his temper and will also have prevented you from losing yours. You can fight with him but you cannot get mad at him."

Whitmarsh's life is not full of dramatic moments; from the outside it seems rather prosy to sell groceries for thirty-one

years even if one becomes rich in so doing. But developers require no less courage than pioneers. To start in an established business with no end of competition and to drive steadily to the top simply by dint of doing each thing that came along better than the other fellow is no mean accomplishment. It takes bigger qualities of brain and foresight to forge ahead in an old than in a new line—to preserve an independent personality and avoid the drab complexion of custom; it is harder to transform an old business than to start a new one and still more difficult to effect the transformation with only the old material to work with.

In 1909 Mr. Leggett died and the nephew became the head of the firm which three years later he turned into a corporation. Holding that the men who had worked faithfully were entitled to share in the profits, he arranged that each executive should be given the opportunity to buy stock and so managed the loans that those who wished might pay practically all of the subscriptions out of dividends. Today every executive of the company owns stock and sits on the board of directors. The men who grew up with the company are now the owners and form a remarkable business family, preserving all the traditions which make for pleasant working and none which might retard business. It is a hard company to break into, but the man who is once in and makes good never thinks of keeping a weather eye open for another job. That is just about the greatest compliment that can be paid to any management.

During the course of business Whitmarsh felt that wholesale grocers could serve the public and themselves more effectively were they better organized, and in 1906 he led in the organization of the National Wholesale Grocers' Association. He has been president of that association for the past three years. The idea behind it was to secure a better distribution, a better standardization in manufacturing, and the elimination of bad products. Where grocers had bought at arm's length the association set standards. They cooperated with the Government under the Food and Drugs act to force substitutes and adulterated products off the market. It is the machinery of this organization that Whitmarsh is using today in the interests of food conservation. The moment that war was declared he took a stand against the "business-as-usual" idea, and he has consistently held that business cannot be as usual, but must be very different indeed if the war is to be properly conducted. He said to me:

"It is a foolish fear that economy will bring on paralysis of industry or trade. There is no chance that there will not be work enough for everyone everywhere; there is more work than can possibly be done; the only question is so to organize our forces that not only will there be no unemployment, but that every workman will be employed in the manner most serviceable to the country; a readjusted business will thrive and prosper not only during the war but also for many years after the war has stopped."

The association appointed a war service council, and this body, working with Mr. Whitmarsh, has secured the cooperation of every wholesale grocer in the country. They have all agreed to sell at a reasonable margin of profit and not to favor one buyer over another. The wholesalers have also agreed to suggest somewhat pointedly to the retailers that they sell at not greater than a living profit—and by a living profit is denoted the normal pre-war profit.

He has been working to spread the idea of true economy—not by contraction of business but by the elimination

(Continued on page 909)

The Lesson of France

France—once a most sober country, when its alcoholic consumption was largely in the form of light wines and beer—has, in later days, been confronted with the Problem of Alcoholism. The growth of the absinthe and brandy habit in the northern provinces raised a question that was met at the outbreak of the war by an agitation for Prohibition.

A decision has now been reached which, according to the correspondent of the *New York Sun*, has "PROFOUNDLY MODIFIED PUBLIC OPINION ON THE LIQUOR QUESTION."

This is the unanimous decision of the army medical authorities to adopt the recommendations of the Academy of Medicine that *a liter of wine should be introduced into the daily rations of the soldiers*.

A letter left by the late Prof. Landouzy—himself an ardent Prohibitionist—and recently published in the *Journal de Medecine* of Bordeaux, strongly influenced the decision, for he wrote: "*Abstention from pure wine is everywhere under the sky of France a scientific, economic and historical heresy.*"

Beer is to the American to-day what wine is to the Frenchman—except that the alcoholic content of American beer is about one-third that of French wine.

Our Government has learned through British experience that it is *a necessity in this time of war* that munitions makers, shipbuilders, miners, and all who perform heavy physical labor, should have *some* beverage which will stimulate and refresh without intoxicating.

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Beautiful Magnolia Gardens, one of the beauty spots of quaint old Charleston, are in their riot of color in late March and early April. As a winter resort free from fashion's demands, Charleston is unequalled and is growing more popular each season with tourists to the South.

Getting Acquainted with America

EDUCATING the public to the value of "Seeing America First" has not been easy. And the campaign was hardly what could be called successful until the war drove home the meaning of America to thousands who had never learned to appreciate it at its full value. They traveled half way round the globe to see mountain scenery, fjords, hotels, foreign peoples, and a hundred and one other things that are duplicated time without number within our own borders and that are more accessible with greater comfort. But there was a glamour about having "been abroad" that appealed to many who would hate to think of their satisfaction in foreign travel being termed "snobbishness." I speak in the past tense, for Americans now have come to view America in a new light, and after the war foreign travel will be viewed differently.

No people on the globe are so fortunate as we are at present in being able, summer or winter, to get away from the terrors of war. No other country is large enough for travelers to get far away from what is tearing at the hearts of the people. No other country is blessed with such a wide range of climate that both summer and winter are found at the same time within the country's boundaries. No other country in the world now at war has handled its war transportation problem in such a way as hardly to interfere with the pleasures of the populace. Steamship lines and railroads are running almost as usual, yet the war is being conducted with vigor toned with caution.

The many changes that have come are hardly perceptible to the traveler, and yet the Travel Bureau is constantly being asked if it is safe to travel here and there.

Let me begin with the steamship lines: It is hardly necessary to say that one cannot travel abroad without good and sufficient reason on which the Government passes, and while steamship sailings are not public, we know that day after day ships are plying the sea safely. As for coastwise traffic to our southern ports, the West Indies and Hawaii, while the sailings are not regular and prices, in some instances, may be higher than formerly, one can go to almost any resort that he could visit a year ago, if he will accommodate his time to the transportation companies' convenience, rather than having the roads, as heretofore, practically adjusting themselves to the convenience of the public. The fear of submarines need not worry one considering a coastal voyage, and the danger of the Government's commandeering ships is somewhat minimized when one learns that some of the ships commandeered

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Will it help win the war if the people who have investments in hotels and resorts and the thousands of stockholders in our steamship and railroad companies find their sources of revenue interfered with? Will it help them to purchase Liberty Bonds and to contribute financially toward winning the war. What applies to California applies to Florida, to Cuba, to Denver, to the Pacific Northwest, to Hawaii, to the New England States, to Maine. It seems almost vital for the welfare of the country that vacation travel be maintained as nearly on the old schedules as is possible in these trying days when, more than ever, most of us need not only relaxation but a change of climate and scenery to offset the extra tax on the system made by the excitement of the war. It hardly seems a matter of considering whether you can afford to take your usual winter trip, but rather whether you can afford not to get acquainted with America.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This department will give specific information to *LESLIE'S* readers who are planning to travel at home or abroad. Correspondents are requested to state definitely their destination and time at which the proposed trip is to be made. This will facilitate the work of this bureau. Stamps for reply should be enclosed. Address Editor Travel Bureau, *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Letters from the Front

(Continued from page 901)

While in the hospital all patients wear a regulation hospital garb and when they leave, there is issued to each an entire new outfit. This small item has been worked out so perfectly that the government knows exactly what clothes have been issued to every one of its five million men. Every detail in all departments is worked out with the same minuteness.

Our enlisted boys are splendid. They scrub wards and latrines, work garbage incinerators, act as stretcher bearers, cut grass and rebuild roads without a murmur. Most of them are well-to-do and have never known hard work. If their spirit is typical of young America, and I am sure it is, what a wonderful army we will have.

AUGUST 19. A convoy is coming in and I must hurry to the reception tent. Did I ever tell you that the ambulances are driven by women—girls would be more accurate, twenty to thirty years of age? The cars are largely American makes.

AUGUST 20. The British government has not provided our huts up to date, but Colonel Collins, Major Besley and I are dickering with a contractor for a three-room hut of our own. My tent is all spruced up at present. When Captain Magee left us I inherited a wardrobe and dressing table. My batman (man servant) has found a big piece of linoleum for the floor. Before describing the interior I should have told you that, during a severe rain storm a few days ago, my tent sprang numerous leaks and was replaced by a new one, hence the elaborate furnishings.

I grow more enthusiastic each day. We are going to play a tremendously important part. Europeans have been in the habit of saying that we are a boastful people; maybe we are, but we also deliver the goods, and we are going to do so in this war.

AUGUST 28. We have had almost continuous rain for seventy-two hours. At 1 A. M. a terrific rain and wind storm broke loose. My tent fairly shook, and I can imagine just what is meant by the expression, "A sail flapping in the wind." About five o'clock most of us got up, and after an early breakfast walked about to see how much damage had been done.

About twenty of our huge ward tents, capacity forty to sixty beds, were being torn to shreds. Everyone turned in, including the "Padres," and moved the cases to safe and dry quarters. Fortunately we had plenty of beds as we had

(Continued on page 909)

HEINZ

One of the
57



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Some of the
57

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Where Your Sugar Went

By THOMAS F. LOGAN

LESLIE'S WEEKLY BUREAU, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE stage was set for the sugar famine last August when it was proposed in Congress to repeal the drawback on sugar and put a 50 cents tax on consumption. England, France and a majority of the neutral countries, foreseeing the addition of approximately \$1.50 a hundred to the price of American refined sugar, promptly invaded Cuba and bought up the balance of last year's sugar crop. This created a definite reduction of the normal American imports and put a premium on American beet sugar. Then consumers in the West began to hoard beet sugar and a few housekeepers east of the Missouri River followed suit. The caution uttered by the Food Administration stamped some nervous consumers into foolish exhibitions of selfishness. Congress wisely rejected the propositions for the repeal of the drawback and the imposition of a consumption tax, but the damage had been done. Sugar is once more flowing into the markets of the United States. The vanguard of the new Cuban crop has arrived. That crop is estimated at 3,200,000 tons, which is bigger than last year's island output. After the first of the year there will be an ample supply of sugar and whatever shortages occur in some localities will be due entirely to transportation difficulties. The hoardings will cut down the number of sugar purchasers during the coming months.

The Endless Price Chain

PREPARATIONS by Congress to make radical extensions of price-fixing might have been predicted the moment the government first announced its intention to set a price on wheat, coal or steel. Cotton and meat are in the Congressional limelight now, but if the war continues as long as the experts predict, there will be a fixed price on every basic commodity that figures to any great extent in American daily life. It is a new aspect of the familiar endless chain. Obviously, a farmer should not be told he must sell his wheat at \$2.20 a bushel if meat and cotton go to a dollar a pound and labor commands ten dollars a day. Once launched upon a price-fixing campaign, a government must take into consideration what the producer of any commodity is forced to pay for the commodities he requires. When the law of supply and demand is suspended, as it is today, there must be a balance struck between the prices of all commodities. The Southern planter cannot sell four pounds of cotton for a dollar if the purchasing value of a dollar is smashed by prices for labor and material out of all proportion to 25 cents cotton. That is why President Wilson sounded a warning in his message to Congress and why Congress is now working out a system of price-fixing that will gain dimensions as it proceeds toward enactment into law.

Making Uncle Sam Pay Up

A WASHINGTON dealer in office supplies has been filling government orders for many years, promptly and satisfactorily. Recently, his business has increased tremendously as a result of unprecedented additions to the clerical forces of the various government departments. His vouchers were promptly O.K'd by the heads of bureaus who purchased from him, but the bills were not paid. The government's auditing departments, like every other branch of the government service, have been swamped by the abnormal rush of war work. The dealer, who operates on a modest capital, borrowed money from banks to meet his payrolls and other operating expenses until his credit was exhausted. He tried to collect from the government, but was held up by an entanglement of red tape

more effective than the barbed wire barriers that protect the trenches. He was almost against the wall when a little group of quietly efficient business men and financiers took up his case, passed his claims in a few hours and obtained his money for him immediately. The remedy was simple. The embarrassed dealer came under the protection of the newly appointed War Credits Board, which was organized to handle just such cases. Big industries, heavily capitalized, can afford to wait until the government auditors reach their claims. Small concerns, working with limited capital, cannot. But these comparatively unimportant companies, when considered in the aggregate, employ an army of workers and are invaluable to the government. They would be put out of business by delays in payments that merely annoy the very big contractors.

Rewards for Labor Slackers

SOUTHERN lumber producers have more orders from the government than they can fill. They are being paid high prices. But they declare they are making less money now than before the war. Here is their explanation: Four years ago they were able to employ negro laborers for 90 cents a day. These men worked six days a week. The same class of workingmen now receive \$3 a day. But they refuse to work six days a week. Why? Because they can earn more in two days under present conditions than they were paid for six days' work four years ago. Logically, they should be taking advantage of the situation and investing \$10 a week in Liberty Bonds to provide for their old age. But thrift does not enter into the psychology of the illiterate Southern laborer. Irresponsibility goes hand in hand with a pocketful of jingling silver. His theory is that it is foolish to work six days out of seven when he can make a week's wages in two days and bask in the sunshine the other five. Therefore, as wages go higher in the South the output of labor goes lower. Payrolls out of all proportion to the work accomplished merely mean a premium on periodical idleness and a costly consumption of food by human drones. These men, if put into uniforms and paid \$30 a month, would be happier than they are today. And the government would get the material it needs with less drain on the Liberty Loans that come from the savings of the industrious, patriotic workers. Similar conditions obtain in sections north and west of the Mason and Dixon line. The labor question looms big in America's war problems.

Patriotism by the Pound

A FEW days ago, a waiter in a restaurant upset a bowl of sugar. The place was filled with laborers, bank clerks, chauffeurs, stock brokers, stenographers, railway executives and representatives of a dozen other walks in life. But the growl that rebuked the waiter was an unanimous expression of resentment against waste. It voiced a new American point of view. An investigation of almost any average home in which meat was served at least six times a week a year ago will disclose the fact that two or three meatless days is now the rule. That saving multiplied by a million or more homes in the United States means the creation of the food surplus America needs for shipment to Great Britain, France and Italy. The Food Administration gambled on the patriotism of America when it centered its fight on production, transportation and distribution at the beginning of the campaign for conservation and trusted the housekeepers to take care of the last detail of the plan for saving.

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December 29, 1917

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Men Who Are Winning the War

(Continued from page 905)

of waste, the checking of extravagance, and the waste of time, effort and material in the production of non-essentials. He is trying to bring the whole grocery business down to brass tacks. Here are a few things that have been done: The elimination of tin as a container for products that keep as well enclosed in paper or wood, so as to conserve the supply of tin-plate. The conservation of paper by discontinuing the publication of monthly price-lists and by stopping the giving away of expensive paper bags with the sale of coffee in bulk. Economies in the labor of handling are being effected by discouraging the sale of goods in less than the original packages, and the sizes of the original packages are being adjusted so as to meet every need. Credit operations are being tightened all the way from the consumer to the producer so that the necessarily higher prices will not be further increased by having to add to them the cost of bad debts. They are discouraging buying in excessive quantities—and so on through a long list of more or less technical operations. The task is particularly difficult because the demand for most groceries is far ahead of the supply. Take just a few articles. The president of a great grocery company told me that they were about forty per cent. short on canned corn. Most of this corn comes from Maine, where an early frost made havoc. We have about one-half the usual quantity of canned peas; we are short on Alaska salmon; we are short on all of the fancy brands of cereals. In fact, wholesale grocers generally have not been able to procure much more than half of their usual supply in any of the canned staples. People want to buy more than ever before and they have the money to pay high prices.

The conditions could not be better for speculation. It is part of Whitmarsh's job to prevent speculation. He said to me most earnestly: "The man who buys food products,

not to supply his legitimate needs in the food-distributing trade but solely because he believes there is to be a scarcity of such foods and that by buying and storing them and withholding them from sale he can exact extraordinary prices later on, should be punished for such nefarious practices. Such men have no legitimate place in the plan of business at any time, but under present conditions it is unthinkable that they should be tolerated. Any agency between the producer and the consumer performing no service or any unnecessary service should be dispensed with, forcibly if necessary. The food speculator I so class.

"We cannot carry out our aims—to have all the food of the country shared equitably and at a reasonable price—unless we have the complete cooperation of the producer, the middleman and the consumer. Just think of this—if each person in the country were to save one lump of sugar a day, it would provide sugar for all the armies for nearly a week. It is the little, trifling, almost unnoticed economies that will make food conservation successful—not laws, for any food law can be evaded. We are today testing the efficiency of democracy—we are about to learn if we can do for ourselves."

But what kind of a man is he? Just a big, healthy, red-faced, hard-working human being who stands something over six feet, wears spectacles, and who has tended to his own business until now. He is helping his country and also—like many another man who is quietly, a little solemnly, and very earnestly making every sacrifice—he is praying that his bit may help to give a whit better fighting chance to the other fellow's boy—and to his own. He has two boys: Francis is a lieutenant at Camp Upton. Karl would have graduated from Harvard in 1919, but he is at Plattsburg. There are three men in the Whitmarsh family; their service flag has three stars.

The conditions could not be better for speculation. It is part of Whitmarsh's job to prevent speculation. He said to me most earnestly:

"The man who buys food products,

Letters from the Front

(Continued from page 907)

been evacuating very fast during the past several days in anticipation of a big rush of patients.

The patients were splendid. Work in the line prepares one for any eventuality and they were perfectly calm; the litter cases patiently waiting their turns, and the ambulatories jumping in and helping.

Colonel Collins is a wonder. His executive and administrative ability is marvelous. The way he took hold, gave orders, supervised and directed, was an eye-opener to me. I am learning something from him daily.

SEPTEMBER 10.

Our patients are largely British and Canadians. The latter resemble us much more than they do the English, and they are apparently very fond of us. They are

anxious to fight alongside of our boys, but I hope they will not have an opportunity until next spring. I don't want to see our troops go into action until we have a large army over here, together with ample reserves.

Yesterday Colonel Patterson, of the Harvard Unit, brought over his ferrets and a good dog. The ferrets were sent under the floors of the tents and chased out the rats; the dog did the rest. Some of the rats are as large as rabbits and occasionally, during the night, play around in our tents, and they are not overly particular what they nibble. The ferrets did their work well; the dog was a wonder and the rodent casualty list was large.

Continued next week

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| Balasco | Polly with a Past | Clever comedy |
| Bijou | Odds and Ends | Intimate revue, with |
| Booth | The Masque | Effect of popular novel |
| Carnegie Hall | Concerts | Music by leading organizations and soloists |
| Casino | Oh Boy! | Musical comedy success |
| Century | Miss 1917 | Gala revue |
| Geo. M. Cohan | The King | Spicy farce from the French |
| Cohan & Harris | A Tailor-Made Man | Classic and well-acted comedy |
| Criterion | Madame Sand | Mrs. Fiske in brilliant character play |
| Maxine Elliott | Eyes of Youth | Unusual melodrama |
| Eltinge | Business Before Pleasure | Potash and Perlmutter, funnier than ever, as film magnates |
| Empire | Camille | Edith Barrymore in Du-maine drama |
| Fulton | Words and Music | Raymond Hitchcock in new revue |
| Gaiety | The Country Cousin | Alexandra Carlisle in successful comedy |
| Globe | Jack O'Lantern | Fred Stone at his nimblest, assisted by wonderfully trained chorus |
| Hippodrome Harris | Cheer Up | Mammoth vaudeville |
| | The Naughty Wife | Screamingly funny farce |



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greatest shock was given to the stock market when the Government undertook to fix prices of leading commodities—not only the prices that it would pay, but also those which foreign governments should pay, though the British government was not averse to charging us a good profit on materials it controlled, such as rubber and wool.

The difficulty of securing necessary funds even by the most successful corporations accounts in a measure for the low prices at which some of the best dividend-payers are selling. When Mr. Schwab must ask the Government to advance him millions on his contracts because he cannot get cash from the banks to finance his enormous war orders, it is easy to realize the embarrassments that other great industrial enterprises are meeting and which they must continue to meet in 1918 unless a more enlightened policy is pursued at Washington.

Those who strike at the business interests of this country are aiding and abetting our enemies just as much as those who stir up sedition on street corners. As Mr. C. W. Barron, editor of the *Boston News Bureau*, says, "Every European country entering the war has sought to protect its property assets and equity values. In the Civil War taxes were taken from consumption; rising wages expanded prices, and so capital was stimulated to construct and produce. In this war the reverse program is followed and values are taxed to their destruction."

The revenue bill over which Congress deliberated for half a year, only to find it unworkable, is hampering business, reducing production and raising such perplexing problems regarding its interpretation that it has become necessary to reconstruct it. It has been necessary also for the Secretary of the Treasury to call in some of the prominent business men of the country to aid in interpreting the provisions of the new law. Why were they not summoned by Congress while there was abundant time for consultation?

Way back in June the New York Chamber of Commerce, in the report of its Committee on Taxation, pointed out, one after another, the serious objections to the House war revenue measure. Experts on taxation could have been consulted. Their advice would have been conservative. The public will pay dearly for the blunders of those who insisted on carrying out their crude ideas at a time when the President was earnestly inviting every good citizen to cast aside partisanship and unite to win the war. It is too bad that his potential pressure could not have been exercised on Congress as it was when the Adamson Bill was pending, so that leading captains of industry could have been consulted and a war revenue measure perfected on workable lines.

Once more the situation is up to Congress, the same Congress that has so signally failed thus far to meet the desperate problems of the war. Is it surprising that a feeling of hopelessness prevails in financial circles as the New Year dawns and the fear that until a new Congress is chosen little relief can be expected? A new House of Representatives will be chosen next fall with every promise that its political complexion will be completely changed from that of the present Congress. If this hope should be justified, it would give a decided stimulus to the stock market.

The outbreak of the worldwide war gave a chill to speculation from which it took a long time to recover. We had had no experience on which to base a judgment. We feared that the turmoil in Europe would be reflected here, but the first result was an amazing demand for materials and munitions which piled up our profits so rapidly that new life was given to the stock market. With every rumor of peace and a possibility of decreasing exports, signs of weakness were seen. Then we were brought into the great

struggle. The cost was appalling. The scheme of war taxation proposed with one swoop to take the bulk of all war profits and to put a serious handicap on business, especially in non-essentials. Under these conditions, rumors of peace helped the market while before they had depressed it.

It seems incredible, despite the predictions of military experts, that this war can last for another year. It is too terribly exhausting. The spirit of revolution against it is in the air, not only in Russia but also among the peoples of all the contending nations. In Germany it is not apparent so much among the masses as among the classes—the great bankers, the heads of industries and of shipping. The revolution in Germany is not likely to come from the bottom, but from the top. When the great bankers and captains of industry fully appreciate what the isolation of Germany means, they will be driven to demand overtures for peace. Whether the Kaiser can resist these powerful influences may be questioned, but without money he cannot continue the dreadful conflict. I am among those who believe that the end of the war will be in sight in 1918 and peace may come as unexpectedly as the war did.

So we are facing two outlooks for 1918—one encouraging and one discouraging. It will be encouraging if the war should cease. It will be encouraging still if the war goes on provided that the policy of the administration is more favorable to the railways and to business. The outlook will be bad if the war goes on to the point of exhaustion of all nations involved, including ourselves, or if peace be declared but without relief from demagogic legislation, oppressive taxation and the socialistic tendency to confiscate wealth.

There are those who have grave fears of our fiscal situation. They realize that unless war taxes are so laid as not to interfere with the prosperity of the country, it will be extremely difficult to continue the emission of war loans. Under such conditions, we would face the same critical situation we had during the Civil War when it was necessary to issue legal tender and to suspend specie payments. In 1864, greenbacks were worth only 35 cents in gold. Bear in mind that there is no market abroad now as there was then for our war bonds. Every nation is finding it difficult to float its own obligations. Hence the apprehension with which the great banking interests regard the enormous expenditures now being authorized.

The liquidation, severe as it has been, is not entirely over. There are weak spots not yet uncovered. A just settlement of the railroad problem and an equitable revision of the war revenue bill would do much to allay the growing fear and open a possibility for the customary strengthening of the market toward spring, and its further strengthening in early summer with a normal outlook for the crops and stimulation still further after the fall election if the vote reflects the demand of the people for a change in the political complexion of either the House or the Senate, or both.

The election this year for members of Congress will reflect the natural resentment the people always feel toward the political party that increases taxes. The income tax which heretofore has been paid by less than four hundred thousand persons will, with the minimum exemption of only \$1,000, be paid probably by three or four million, very few of whom had previous knowledge of the inquisitorial nature of the tax, and of the perplexities of preparing the schedules of information that the Government requires. The masses having been paying extra railroad fares and taxes on theater, and moving picture tickets and a multitude of minor every-day expenditures will feel that they are being imposed upon.

This has been the history of all tax legislation. It may be unpatriotic, but it is characteristic. The party in power always suffers. If the war should sud-

(Continued on page 912)

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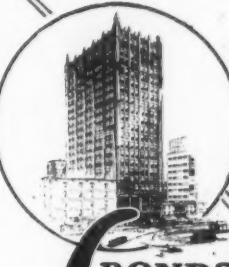
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Jasper's Hints to Money-Makers

(Continued from page 911)

denly close, the war taxes would not cease, for the enormous war obligations of the Government would have to be met and the thoughtless would at once inquire, "Why should we pay war taxes when the war is over?" Politicians are thinking of these things and with good reason. Peace will not lift the burden of war taxes. Certainly not during President Wilson's administration. War stocks will suffer because the companies will no longer have an abnormal war business, but they still will have to pay the heavy taxes.

This means that the New Year promises a conspicuous absence of promotions of new enterprises, of underwritings and syndicates and extra dividends. It promises reduced dividends, particularly of corporations that have been profiting from war orders. It will not be a good year for the copper stocks, many of which were exploited far beyond their merits while the market was advancing.

Money must be higher in 1918, for during the year, according to the figures given by Vice President Sisson, of the Guaranty Trust Co., maturing obligations, municipal, railroad, public utility, and miscellaneous, will reach a total of \$1,800,000,000. It is easy to see that grave problems in finance must be met if we are to maintain specific payments and a fair rate of interest. It is unfortunate that Congress has shown so little ability to measure up to the requirements of a grave situation. The overshadowing fear of monetary stringency has been at the bottom of much of the liquidation of gilt-edged securities by those who believe that in 1918 the bargain counter in Wall Street will be wide open.

The cautious investor under such conditions will have his choice of bargains and he will be wise if he does not put all his eggs in one basket. The tendency to diversification of investments was never more marked than now. Some investors during the current slump have been dividing their funds among a long list of choice stocks and bonds, including railroads, industrials, real estate and farm mortgages. A popular odd lot house has been surprised by the number of applications for one share each of stocks accumulated by customers who believe that this is a good time to select their own bargains, and who also wish to engage in speculation on their own best judgment. Some purchase as many varieties as those exploited by a famous manufacturer of equally famous comestibles.

With the close of the war we shall have a sudden and steady demand for raw material like cotton, copper and food products from nations that have been on short supplies and especially from Germany with its blockaded ports. Germany usually prepares for the future a long ways ahead. Heavy purchases of cotton, copper and other non-perishable raw products have been quietly made and their ultimate destination will be Germany. It would not be surprising if the rapid rise in these commodities had been due to liberal purchases made without knowledge of the real identity of the buyer. We have learned how secretly and cunningly Germany deals in all its matters. It is unbelievable that it has not been preparing all along to meet its necessities after the declaration of peace.

What will be our condition after the war? The most observant men of affairs differ widely in their conclusions, but substantial factors stand in our favor, namely:

First, we have repurchased over \$2,000,000,000 worth of our securities formerly held abroad and on which we had to make annual interest payments probably of not less than \$100,000,000.

Second, we have the world's largest stock of free gold and have become the world's greatest lender.

Third, we have the world's largest supply of much-needed raw materials for the re-establishment of the ruin wrought by war, namely copper, cotton, oil, and food-stuffs, and these must be paid for in commodities or gold or securities.

Fourth, we have been changed from borrower to lender as we have been enriched by enormous purchases made from us. This increased our balance of trade to a fabulous amount, while warring nations were being impoverished.

Fifth, we have been compelled to enlarge our industries and increase the output of our mines, our fields and factories and hope to put our railroads on a better footing.

The worst difficulty will be found in our lack of real statesmanship to meet the new and perplexing problems that face us and others that will face us inevitably after peace has been declared, for the drift toward socialistic notions among those in authority has its serious menace to the public welfare.

The old year passes out amid the deepest gloom on Wall Street. The darkness may deepen, but I still believe that holders of securities should not sacrifice them at heavy loss, and that patience will be rewarded with an improving outlook before long. The shrinkage in the prices of the best securities has gone about as far as conditions seem to justify. Chances are as much in favor of helpful as harmful eventualities. Notwithstanding the prevailing pessimism, I cannot escape the conviction that it is unwarranted in face of the enormous value of our crops, food-stuffs and mineral products, high wages and liberal expenditures of the working masses and the decided inflation of our currency which has only begun.

Under such conditions, 1918 should certainly be a better year for the bulls than for the bears, unless we are willing to admit that the cause of the Allies is in a far more critical condition than I believe it to be.

But without a strong and steady hand at Washington under the guidance of a well-chosen coalition cabinet if the Allies should fail in 1918 and the burden of continuing the war be put upon us, the worst may happen. The world spirit of revolution is in evidence here among the hordes of unassimilated emigrants whom we have unwisely fostered. God spare us from Russia's sad experience.

G., ALTOONA, PENN.: National Lead pfd. is one of the standard industrials. Its 7 per cent dividend is paid quarterly, beginning March 15.

H., MT. STEERLING, KY.: Curtiss Aeroplane has merit, but its capitalization is very large and on the recent advance insiders took a handsome profit. It is speculative.

K., DES MOINES, IOWA: Having been in operation for only about a year, the Hawkeye Tire & Rubber Company does not appear to be well enough established to make it a safe purchase.

O., MEMPHIS, TENN.: Nor. Pac. is one of the best of the railroads and the development of its territory promises to add to its value. It might be advisable to diversify your holdings with So. Pac.

M., HERKIMER, N. Y.: Wright-Martin is selling only a little above the price insiders paid for it. Its business is growing rapidly and its contracts promise to be profitable. This does not seem to be a time to sacrifice the stock.

E., POUltNEY, VT.: The 7 per cent. notes of the Sinclair Oil Company are probably safe. The company is a dividend payer. Pfd. stocks of leading industrial and railroad corporations now offer good bargains to investors.

L., TROY, OHIO: While B. & O. is not making the best showing of earnings, it, like all the other railroads, is dependent for its future on the Government's attitude toward the railroad business. If this proves friendly the stock will be stronger.

M., WALLINGFORD, CONN.: If you can afford to buy new shares of Anglo-American Oil it would seem advisable to do so. The company is prosperous. Among the best purchases at present are the pfd. stocks of leading dividend-paying corporations. These include Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent. pfd.; American Sugar pfd.; Corn Products pfd.; Atchison pfd.; U. P. pfd.; U. S. Rubber first pfd.; Republic Iron & Steel pfd. Midwest Refining has declined to a level where the stock offers a fair speculation.

Y., ST. JOHNSVILLE, N. Y.: Lake Torpedo Boat never paid a dividend. Submarine Boat paid dividends for a time and then suspended them. Each of these companies is said to have large orders from the Government, but their stocks are still speculative. U. S. Steamship, paying 9 per cent., is still a speculation, although it has advanced recently on reports of big contracts with the Government. The American Cotton Oil Company pfd. stock pays 6 per cent and the common 4 per cent. The pfd.

is a business man's investment, the common more speculative.

S., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.: The American Light and Traction Company, incorporated in 1901, in New Jersey, controls 16 companies doing business in cities in New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Texas. Dividends on pfd. have been paid from the beginning. The common pays 10 per cent, or less than 5 per cent. on market value. While the common is a good business man's investment, you can do better by buying pfd. stocks such as Corn Products, American Smelting, American Woolen or Republic Iron & Steel, each paying 7 per cent., and selling below par, or Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent. pfd., also below par.

B., LAKEWOOD, OHIO: You are right in your belief that this is a favorable time for purchasing good bonds. It is always wise to diversify investments. I suggest that you distribute your \$9,000 among the following securities: A good real estate mortgage; a farm mortgage; a guaranteed stock, like Morris & Essex (paying 7 per cent. on par); a railroad bond, like St. Paul 4½%; Virginian Railways first 5%; or Atchison 4%; an industrial bond, like U. S. Steel 5%; municipal bonds, like N. Y. City 4½%; or Dominion of Canada 5%. I take it for granted that you will invest to some extent in Liberty Loan bonds.

S., CLEARFIELD, PENN.: The unexpected declaration of the I. C. C., in favor of better treatment of the railroads or Government ownership, opens a new vista for railroads, although the action of the President and Congress is doubtful. N. & W. and all the dividend-paying railroads have looked cheap of late. Among well-regarded bonds selling at bargain prices are St. Paul gen. & ref. 4½% and deb. 4%, each yielding 6½ per cent. on market price; Seaboard Air Line first cons. 6%, yielding 7.2%; Virginian Railway Company first 5%, yielding 5½ per cent.; American Foreign Securities Company 5%, 8.7 per cent.; New York Central 2 year 5%, 6.9 per cent.; N. Y. City 4½%, 5.9 per cent.; Province of Ontario gold 4%, 5.9 per cent.

New York, December 22, 1917. JASPER.

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To those who can invest \$500 or multiples thereof, real estate serial notes secured on improved property and bearing 5, 5½ and 6% interest are offered by the Mercantile Trust Company, of St. Louis, Mo., a member of the Federal Reserve Bank. Write to the company for its current investment list No. 106.

The Babson Service is designed to give sound information and expert advice for the guidance of investors. It helps one to invest for safety and profit and to cease depending on rumors or luck. Particulars will be sent free to those who write to Dept. K-9, of Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

A useful booklet, "24-B," issued by Sheldon, Dawson, Lyon & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, tells how stocks in 100 share lots or less and bonds in \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 denominations may be purchased outright for cash, on a conservative margin or on the partial payment plan. The booklet will be sent free to any address.

Since conditions are continually changing in the business and financial world, investors need constantly to consult such a reliable authority as "The Babson Review," which interprets the effect of events, and gives suggestions for investment. Copies mailed free on application to J. S. Babson & Company, members New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

As the result of thousands of questions asked during the course of the last two Liberty Loan campaigns, a helpful booklet, dealing with the Government issues, has been compiled by John Muir & Company, specialists in odd lots and members New York Stock Exchange, 61 Broadway, New York. To get it send to Muir & Co., for free booklet H-4, "Your Liberty Bond."

Successful investors reduce risk and increase safety by diversifying their investments. Whoever desires to get into this class will consult the Slattery Library, which

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January and December 1917 Bond Prices Compared

We have prepared a pamphlet showing the wide difference in January, 1917, and December, 1917, prices on a list of standard bonds.

This information is presented both in tabulated and chart form.

A copy of this Price Comparison may be had upon request for pamphlet L-79.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building
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Bonds Short Term Notes Acceptances

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Always Worth Par

6% An ideal war time investment based on an industry never overdone. Price regulation and taxation do not deplete the security.

Write for our Booklet 22

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shows the way. This library and "The Twenty Payment Plan" booklet are mailed free on request for 55-D, by Slattery & Co., 40 Exchange Place, New York. The applicant also will receive the firm's fortnightly publication "Investment Opportunities."

Many persons will seek to begin the new year with purchase of safe securities. To these S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York and Straus Building, Chicago, recommend their 6% first mortgage serial bonds safeguarded under the Straus plan. These are stable in value, and most of them are free from normal Federal income tax. The denominations are \$1,000 and \$500. Write to Straus & Company for free circular Q-703.

The Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York, one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, has a fully equipped branch in Paris, which acts as paying and receiving agent for United States paymasters and other American disbursing offices in France. The company also has a branch in London. Americans having interests abroad will find it advantageous to bank with these branches. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing a letter to the company.

The Federal Bond & Mortgage Company, 90 E. Griswold St., Detroit, Michigan, is distributing \$850,000 of attractive first mortgage 6% serial bonds. These are secured on property valued at twice the amount of the bonds, consisting of a 20-story office building in the heart of Detroit's downtown business district. Interested investors who will write to the company and mention LESLIE's will receive its booklet, "A Buyer's Guide To Good Investment," and a circular describing the loan.

Among attractive chances held up before investors are Lacey Profit Sharing bonds, issued by the James D. Lacey Timber Company, 332 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and 30 E. 42nd St., New York City. These securities are based on timber lands selected by the company, which has been in business 37 years. The bonds are in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, bear 6% cumulative interest, and also participate in the profits of the operation when the timber is sold. Full details are given in free booklet T-204, sent on request.

William E. Harmon & Co., Inc., formerly Wood, Harmon & Co., of New York, offer Brooklyn lots at the reduced price of \$500 each and on the easy terms of 85 down and 85 weekly. These lots are already accessible by trolley and soon will be by subway. The opening of the subway is expected to enhance their value. Customers from a distance visiting New York will be credited with railroad fare not exceeding \$36, and purchase money will be refunded to persons not satisfied with their bargains. The company is one of the largest realty concerns in the country. For full particulars write to Dept. AJ 5 William E. Harmon & Co., Inc., 261 Broadway, New York.

Several valuable booklets dealing with income tax matters have been prepared by the well-known National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York. They are authoritative on the subjects of which they treat. They contain the text of the law and analysis of the law, an income tax chart, and examples showing the application of the law. These will be sent free on request to interested investors. For the use of people who have not familiarized themselves with bonds as a form of investing and saving money, the Tillotson & Wollcott Company, investment bankers, Cleveland, Ohio, and 115 Broadway, New York, have prepared an informing booklet. It tells in simple language all needful facts regarding this kind of security. Write to the company for "A Bond Booklet."

A Time to Buy Bonds

WHILE the world war continues we must expect more or less instability in the values of securities. Fluctuations will occur as the result of the changing aspects of the conflict. Favorable news will tend to improve and unfavorable news to depress prices, and there may be occasional hysterical bursts of liquidation. This will be less noticeable in real estate and farm mortgages than in others.

Since no one can be sure that the bonds we may buy today will not sell lower tomorrow, what rule of guidance should the man looking for bargains adopt? Manifestly, he should always convince himself that the earnings of the corporation whose issues he would buy afford a good margin of safety. There are many companies whose business is flourishing, and income increasing, or at least not seriously shrinking, and which in spite of high war-taxes appear well able to maintain dividends and to pay interest on bonds. They are likely to do this even in times of peace, though they may have been benefited largely by war orders. The future of their bonds should, therefore, not be regarded with apprehension. Intrinsically their obligations are worth far more than the current quotations. Nobody can make a mistake in purchasing bonds whose present yield may be depended on whether the war lasts indefinitely or ceases soon. It is safe to buy such securities even if these may reach a lower level.

The heavy decline in which all kinds of securities have shared has affected the better class of bonds least of all. They will fare best, too, in case of any coming set-back. With normal conditions restored, their price recovery will be certain and considerable, giving the holder a chance of speculation profit.

Rediscovering the South

(Continued from page 887)

and cocoanut trees are these ideal fishing communities, the most notable being Long Key Fishing Camp, a place of beauty, charm and mystery.

No matter where one might go on his vacation he may find the pleasure that is most appealing. Golf clubs with truly wonderful courses abound. Horseback riding along mountain trails or man-made roads bring one close to nature. Macadamized highways lined by giant oaks or tropical trees fringe the pathway of the motor car. Light winds waft sailing craft lazily through azure waters, while for those desiring speed the quicker gasoline launches are available. Small and large game exist in profusion within the entire territory.

Throughout all this trip there need be no fear of dodging submarines, the inconvenience of speaking other languages than English, the unpleasantness of having one's baggage searched by overzealous customs officials, or of changing one's money into foreign coin. But there would be the unalloyed pleasure of spending one's time in America, with Americans, certain that the money used would be for the benefit of the American business men, and the still greater privilege of becoming more intimately acquainted with your own country and your own countrymen.

The New Year—1918

Knee-deep in the snows the Old Year goes,
In khaki uniform
With a sword and a gun and a blanket-roll,
And a tent to keep him warm.
The music of bells o'er hills and dells
In silvery cadence floats,
With the stirring sounds of the fife and drum,
And the bugle's martial notes.
A motor hums, and the New Year comes,
A girl in overalls,
With a bag of tools and a box of lunch
At the factory whistle calls,
For woman will sow and reap and hoe,
And drive the ships and cars,
And turn the wheels of the mill that man
May follow the stripes and stars.

MINNA IRVING.

United States Depositary in France

THIS Company's opportunities for service abroad have been greatly increased by its official designation as a United States depositary for public moneys. This designation includes our Paris Office, which will act as paying and receiving agent for United States paymasters and other American disbursing officers in France.

Our Paris Office is a fully equipped banking institution, similar to our office in London, supported by the responsibility of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. It places the facilities of an American bank with American methods at the disposal of all the officers and men of the forces of the United States wherever they may be in France.

American business concerns and individuals having interests abroad will find it to their convenience and advantage to bank with our Paris or London offices. It will be our effort to be useful in every possible way to American citizens traveling abroad and to those with the armies in France.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

PARIS OFFICE
Rue des Italiens, 1 & 3

FIFTH AVE. OFFICE
Fifth Ave. & 43rd St.

LONDON OFFICE
32 Lombard St., E.C.

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| Capital and Surplus | - - - | \$50,000,000 |
| Resources more than | - - - | \$600,000,000 |

America Divided—Do You Want It?

IN this time of unprecedented national peril and world peril, do you want America to be one nation, strong with the strength of unity? Or do you want America split with perhaps half a dozen sections, weak with the ills and evils of sectionalism?

This last is no danger born of hysterical dream. America has been committed by act of Congress to a course leading toward such a disastrous result, and this split in national life will begin July 1, 1917—unless the present law is altered.

Here is the situation:

Modern nations are bound together not so much by the machinery of government as by Ideas. Fundamental ideas held in common by all, fully exchanged so that distantly placed people may understand and sympathize with each other—these are what bring a nation together and what hold it together.

The greatest instrument and medium for the constant dissemination of these big nation-binding ideas is the press—particularly the weekly and monthly periodicals. These periodicals have not local or sectional bias; they go to all parts of America, and serve all parts alike; their great service is in helping bring all parts close together into one through a common understanding.

The nation-binding periodicals are con-fronted with certain injury and destruction—which means loss to you personally, and loss to your country. Postal legislation was introduced in the present Revenue Bill, and is now law, which divides the country up into "zones" and increases the average carrying charge upon magazines and periodicals about 300 per cent—as much as 900 per cent for the more remote sections of the country. This increase varies from 50 to 900 per cent.

This tremendous increase in rates is not necessary for the business solvency of the Post Office Department. Last year the Post Office Department earned a surplus of nearly \$10,000,000.

This measure is a tax-gathering contrivance. It is a tax upon ideas—upon that spreading

The Authors' League of America, Inc.

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Write your Congressman and demand the repeal of the iniquitous postal amendment

No. 2

The Mystery of Arrowhead

(Continued from page 893)

The springs at Arrowhead which are similar to those at Carlsbad are warmer and have but half the mineral contents of the latter. The Arrowhead water, when cold and charged with carbonated gas, as it is when served at meals at the hotel, is as palatable and refreshing as any popular table water.

At Arrowhead the warm waters are piped into the hotel and one can drink or bathe in them as he will. If he prefers, he can have the bath without the vigorous rubbing that the Norwegian masseur so skilfully gives in the bathing department. The hotel sensibly provides steam heat, for while the days in March, when I was a visitor, were sunny and warm, the nights and early mornings were cool. Even the big outdoor swimming pool was not in favor, but rather the warm tubs in the bathing establishment attached to the hotel. The guest can disrobe in his apartment, and in his bath-robe step through the corridor leading to the comfortable baths. The quarters are not cramped. The hotel property embraces 2,000 acres, surrounded on three sides by the Government reservation. Within the hotel limits are not only the cold, warm and hot springs, mud baths and caves cut out of the mountainsides in which one can sit and enjoy a bath of steam, but also ample garden plots for all the dairy and farm produce required by a large establishment.

The hottest of the Arrowhead Springs boasts the highest temperature of any in the world, viz., 202° Fahrenheit against 164, that of the Sprudel, the hottest of the Carlsbad Springs. Guests can amuse themselves by boiling eggs in from three to five minutes in the hot Penyugal Spring and one of the delicacies of the menu is the ham set overnight in the spring and boiled tender. The springs are impounded in circular cemented wells and the clear, steel-blue water comes up from the bottom and runs off in a stream. The Penyugal boils up in a well five feet deep and flows at the rate of 65,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. The hotel is at an elevation of 2,000 feet above sea level. There are thirty-six springs, mostly confined to a strip of land a few hundred feet wide and half a mile long.

Sit in a comfortable rocker, in the warm sun on a March day, on the broad veranda of the hotel at Arrowhead and see what an elevation of 2,000 feet means. You are looking down from the only hotel nestled in these rugged mountains. No dwellings, no other signs of activity are in your immediate vicinity. But look down toward the flourishing city of San Bernardino, with its 20,000 inhabitants, six miles away. It is like a view from an aircraft. Far down in the valley is the wide plain or mesa. It spreads out as far as your eye can see, for fifty miles or more.

You get a bird's-eye view. You see great squares of bright green alfalfa, of fresh-plowed red and light yellow soil dotted with orchards and vineyards. A white stretch of gravel and sand, dry and desolate, cleaves the fertile meadows, marking the mad rush of the mountain torrents when the warm rains suddenly melt the heavy snows. You see the winding roads on the mesa and the trails along the hillsides. Then your eyes reach the end of the broad domain and strike the rough and jagged mountain range that encircles this vast basin of fertility.

In the early morning, when, if you are wise, you will take your walk, in the fresh cool air, you can see these jagged peaks covered with a green-brown growth of wild herbage. There they stand, silent and serene, crowned with a glow of purple which fades out slowly as the monarch of the day throws his brilliant rays over the mountain top into the valley. The mountain abdicates and the sun takes possession of mesa, hill and mountains. The orb of day meets defiance only in the towering peak of "Old Baldy," which, hoary with snow, refuses to uncover.

Overshadowing the hotel in its nest among the foothills, is the titanic, mysterious arrowhead on the mountainside behind you, as silent and mysterious as the Sphinx of the Nile. At night you see the twinkling lights of San Bernardino, like a myriad of stars far away in the valley.

The white pioneers of this region were the Mormons. Sixty-five years ago, the "saints" who were scouting in this

section reported to Brigham Young that they had discovered wonderful springs of healing waters. In their religious fervor, they interpreted the great arrowhead set deep in the mountainside and pointing to the springs as a favorable sign from God. Brigham Young was not moved so easily. He saw nothing attractive in a venture so far away from home. But the story the wanderers had told must have made a deep impression, for as the tale proceeds he saw in a vision the gigantic arrowhead upon the mountain which his followers had described and thereupon decided that he would establish a settlement about the springs. So 600 Mormons trekked 1,000 miles from Salt Lake City and located in this vicinity, constituting the first white settlement, excepting the Franciscan missionaries laboring to convert the Indians, who had all the territory to themselves. The Mormons were recalled to Utah in 1857. They have vanished, but a cemetery on the hillside remains to mark the resting places of those who passed from the shadow of Arrowhead into the shades of eternal night.

That marvel of American cities, Los Angeles, is sixty-eight miles away from Arrowhead, Redlands 10 and Riverside 14. You reach Los Angeles by auto or by a well-managed trolley line (from San Bernardino) in less than three hours.

Arrowhead guests don't need to visit the towns for the hotel at the Springs has its own movies every other night, its own dancing on Saturday evening and excellent music every evening. But week-enders from Los Angeles and all about there find their favorite outing in an auto ride to Arrowhead over one of the finest roads in a State where good roads make automobiling a delight.

I diverge to speak of Los Angeles because it is well to know the location of Arrowhead Springs. The route is not via Los Angeles. If the visitor travels on the Sante Fe or Salt Lake route, he stops at San Bernardino and expresses his trunk up to the hotel and takes the trolley to the Inn Station where he gets aboard the hotel automobile for the short ride to his destination. If he comes via South-

ern Pacific, he stops at Colton and follows the same plan. The trolley to Arrowhead runs from either place. If he wishes to take his baggage with him and is in a hurry, he can always get an auto to Arrowhead either at Colton or San Bernardino for about \$3 for the trip to the hotel. The incoming traveler on either of these railroads can see the arrowhead miles away if he has a watchful eye. Many prominent New Yorkers have been guests at Arrowhead from year to year, including Frank A. Vanderlip, the eminent financier, James Phillips, Jr., C. M. Pratt and H. E. Huntington.

Arrowhead Springs is the most restful place I have found thus far in the United States. That is why it merits publicity. It has the natural attractions both of Carlsbad in Germany and Aix-les-Bains in France, viz., the warm springs and invigorating mountain air. The claim is made for Arrowhead's waters that they have rare but most valuable reconstructive mineral properties of di-sodium arsenite and the properties of radioactivity. Complete analyses of the water are given, but these mean very little to the lay mind.

The warmth and purity of the waters, the healthfulness of the dry, mountain air of southern California, the facilities for baths of various kinds, the pleasant walks and drives, constitute the special attractions for the tired one seeking relief from the turmoil and ceaseless pressure of life in a great city. It may be as is claimed for these and other waters that they have special value in the treatment of the anæmic and those who suffer from gout, rheumatism and debility, obesity, hay fever, neuralgia, liver and kidney disorders and a multitude of other physical disorders. I know nothing of this, but for one who wants a better appetite and a sounder sleep and relief from the nervous strain of daily cares, Arrowhead Springs is a delight.

My solution of the arrowhead mystery is that the same benevolent Providence, which makes the rain fall alike on the just and unjust, carved the arrow on the mountainside in ages past, that it might point out a garden spot of Nature, where healing for the nations could be found.

Troops of Friends for Troops

(Continued from page 902)

to the music. There were some fellows I knew there, and we had a good time. The man who spoke to me stayed out at the gate and sent more fellows in. I just wanted you to know that it's possible to run straight, and that most of the fellows do it. A fellow who gets sick from taking unnecessary risks isn't popular in camp."

"A lot of us went to church in town today, some to the churches they used to attend at home, but most of us to any old church. But there wasn't room in them for more than a tenth of the men on leave from camp, even standing up, so they had a special open air service Sunday evening where everyone could go. The singing was great with so many men together. The churches are all working together and furnish us speakers for meetings in camp too. The Sunday schools and clubs give socials or receptions on week-day nights, and if you seem all right the church members take you home to dinner. I went with a Mr. Blackburn today. He has a pretty daughter and I stayed and talked to her on the porch. Don't tell Nellie. It was just the same as meeting any girl at home."

"I got in a row with a man in a store

today. He tried to overcharge me, and I got so mad that I was going to lick him at the risk of being court-martialed. But another fellow tipped me off how to handle him better than that. He told me that there was a Commercial Relations Committee at the Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade, or whatever they call it, to handle just such cases between the soldiers and storekeepers, and that they'd fix it for me. I went there, and they sent down a man with me, and you ought to have heard him rip it into that fellow in the store. He said I was a hero, and that the fellow would have to fight for his own hideous hide—only he didn't say hideous—if I hadn't undertaken to do it for him. The fellow came off his perch, and I'll bet he won't try to stick another soldier in a hurry."

"I'm getting more education here than I ever got in high school. They're teaching us French and German for actual immediate use, which makes it interesting, and we have debates on all sorts of subjects. Some of the fellows laugh at it, but a lot of them are really interested and work hard. I can ask for the eats in French now. I hope I'll never have to in German."

"Every society and association and order in town is grabbing soldiers off the street for their socials and smokers. They treat us great, just as if we were members. All you have to do is to take your choice whether you want to be treated like a Mason or an Elk or a K. of C., or whatever the organization is. Anyway they treat us like men."

"We have half a dozen baseball teams, three diamonds and a professional coach in town. I find that this military business interferes with my baseball a good deal. Of course they're mostly pick-up teams because it has never happened yet that all the members of one team could get leave at once. But I've seen games going on all three diamonds at once."

From certain indications in the correspondence quoted above it would seem that John N. Willys was right when he said of money contributed to this work that it is "money to buy something more precious than money has ever bought before."

Secretary of War Newton D. Baker and Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels are the originators and sponsors of the War Camp Community Service. Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, selected the various agencies to perform the work which is in the hands of trained community organizers. John N. Willys, of Toledo, O., is chairman and Charles

H. Sabin, president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, is treasurer of the National Committee and will gladly accept contributions to this work.

Germany Breaks Faith With Russia

(Continued from page 895)

willing to negotiate peace, with liberal terms to England and France, provided she can have her way with Russia and the Balkans. On such a basis, Germany with her vassal states would emerge the strongest single power in the world, and still remain a menace to world peace. President Wilson has announced acceptance of the no-annexation policy with the stipulation that restoration of unlawfully acquired territory is not annexation. Germany's betrayal of the Bolshevik government of Russia in the matter of annexation is simply additional evidence to justify President Wilson's contention that the United States cannot make peace with a government which calls treaties "scraps of paper." The Kaiser's deftness in turning to Germany's advantage every turn of affairs, either by fair means or foul, is proof that his word or that of the Imperial German Government may not be trusted.

How the canal grew up to be a world's waterway—through Electricity

Notable Electrifications by the General Electric Company in construction work and the operation of canals.

N. Y. State Barge Canal (Great Lakes to Tidewater)

Catskill Aqueduct (New York City Water Supply)

Panama Canal (Atlantic to Pacific)

FOR years the inland canal has been with us. But its sluggish, snub-nosed boat, pulled by plodding mules, fell behind in the race against the greater speed of railroads. Its clumsy, moss-grown locks have almost become a part of the landscape—a milestone left behind to mark the strides of commerce.

But the canal as an economic means of transportation was destined to redeem itself, through electricity. For example, two oceans were to be joined. The world's commerce needed a short cut of ten thousand miles. American courage and persistence gouged a great cut at Panama and idealized the canal.

The proficiency and skill of highly specialized engineers made the Panama Canal possible. Engineering genius found the correct answer to such problems as ridding that humid, tropic zone of disease and checking enormous slides at Culebra. Engineering science decreed that electricity should be the motive power to construct and operate the canal.

The electric towing locomotives, geared to their tracks, that haul great vessels through the locks as they pass from ocean to ocean, and the automatic, interlocking system that controls and safeguards the operation of the entire lock machinery, were constructed by the General Electric Company. The fender chains which guard the lock gates from oncoming ships; the culverts that disgorge millions of gallons of lift water into the locks; the spillway gates that hold back the headwaters of Gatun Lake, are operated and ingeniously controlled by electrical apparatus designed and built for the purpose by this company.

Electricity was pre-ordained to be the driving and controlling force of this wonder canal. Its electrification was entrusted to the General Electric Company in recognition of engineering and manufacturing supremacy.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY



WHEN baby laughs and kicks his heels, he is well. No "tummie ache" from colic or constipation.

Mothers keep well and keep nursing babies well by using Nujol. It efficiently relieves constipation in the mother without disturbing the digestive system of either mother or child.

Leading physicians endorse Nujol. Sold only in packages bearing Nujol trademark — never in bulk. At all drug stores.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY, Bayonne, New Jersey
(New Jersey)

Nujol for constipation

